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THE ADVENTURES OF A BANK-NOTE.

VOL. IV.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

ADVENTURES

OF A

BANK-NOTE.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

——*Explebo numerum, reddarque tenebris.*

VIRG. ÆN.

When I've held up a proper number
Of fools and knaves, and ſuch-like lumber,
To public view, and public ſcorn,
Contented I'll to duſt return.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE ADVENTURES OF A BANK-NOTE.

CHAP. I.

The unfortunate captain.

AFTER being ſoak'd for two days in the corner of a butcher's greaſy pocket, and paſſing two evenings in a room no bigger than a ſhip's cabbin, with twenty people ſmoaking in it, I was delivered into the hands of a Smithfield ſaleſman, for fat ſheep; with him I drank ſix

bowls of punch at the Grey-hound, in about four hours; then was given to a country farmer, who, the next morning, carried me to a gentleman of fortune. This gentleman, for ſhortneſs, I ſhall call Mr. Derbyſhire, though his real name is a monoſyllable. With this Mr. Derbyſhire did I paſs many a merry hour; his heart was as light as a feather, and the natural benevolence that ſurrounded it, kept it always chearful; neither envy, hatred, or malice, ever approached within gun-ſhot of it.

As he was chatting with a friend one evening on a bench at Ranelagh, and making remarks on the curious figures that kept continually paſſing by, the moſt contemptible of which ſeemed to be moſt in its own good

good graces, they ſpied an agreeable, genteel, faſhionable woman, gallanted by the ſtrangeſt figure of a moveable that had ever made its appearance, either in that or any other bread-and-butter-meeting, ſince the firſt invention of hot rolls; his face was ſo ſun-burnt, that it was difficult to diſtinguiſh whether it or his hat was the browneſt; his beard, indeed, which was a week long, and jet black, proved ſo fine a foil to his face, by making it appear a ſhade fairer than it really was, that the poor hat had not fair play; but, in my opinion, it ſtill had the brighter complexion of the two: it was covered with a lace an inch and an half broad, which had formerly been ſilver, but time, and the damp of ſea-water, had made it blacker than the hat itſelf; to pre-

ſerve a proper medium of light and ſhade, under this hat, and down each ſide of this face, the captain wore a long milk-white Adonis, with about two pound of hair in it; his coat was of a ſuperfine white cloth, with ſleeves turned up as high as his elbows; the waiſt was not above a foot, though the ſkirts were three quarters of a yard long; his ſhoes buckled at the toes with a plain ſilver buckle that weighed at leaſt ſix ounces; he likewiſe wore a braſs-hilted hanger, which, inſtead of dangling by his ſide, ſeemed to be ſtuck through the waiſtband of his breeches. As he paſſed by the two friends, the croud meeting them pretty thick, they heard him ſay, "Avaſt "heaving, couſin Lovely, we ſhall "never be able to ply up to wind-"ward; my advice, therefore, look

"you

" you do you ſee, is, to tack about,
" and bear away, becauſe ſo be it may
" happen, you may get your ſtanding
" rigging damaged, or your carved
" work cruſhed by the heavy laden
" colliers that are running down to
" leeward." The lady ſmiled, and ſaid
" What you pleaſe, captain :" on
which they tacked about and bore
away. " Lord !" ſays my owner,
" can no body tell me who that
" ſtrange fiſh is, and how he came in-
" to the company of that comely wo-
" man ?" " I can have the pleaſure
" of ſatisfying your curioſity," re-
plies his friend, " for I am intimate
" with both that agreeable lady and
" her huſband, who is here himſelf ;
" but he has left them, becauſe he
" knows he cannot give her greater
" pleaſure than to be gallanted by

" the captain: his uncommon remarks
" and the uncouth manner of ex-
" preſſing them are always a high
" treat to her."

" You muſt know, that the captain
" is commander of a large ſhip that
" trades to the coaſt of Africa for
" ſlaves, from whence he has fetched
" his copper complexion; he has been
" at ſea ever ſince he was ſeven years
" old, with ſuch ſhort intervals on
" ſhore, that he knows as little of
" land-matters as any of his brother
" inhabitants of the great deep; he is
" firſt couſin to this lady's huſband,
" who was bred up to the law, but,
" getting a large fortune with her,
" and having no children, he has left
" the roguery of that profeſſion to
" thoſe that chuſe it, and lives with
" her

" her very happily on their income.
" The manner of the captain's firſt in-
" troducing himſelf into her acquain-
" tance, I fancy, ſhe wont eaſily for-
" get."

" About five years ago, after
" captain Copper-phiz had made his
" firſt voyage, wherein he had been
" very ſucceſsful, hearing that his
" couſin had married well, he reſolv-
" ed to pay him a viſit; on which
" he ordered a Wapping taylor to
" equip him with a new ſuit; the
" taylor not only undertook to per-
" form his own part towards equip-
" ping him out, but recommended a
" Wapponian hatter and barber, to
" match his cloaths with a hat and
" wig: on the day of rigging him
" out, they all attended him in his

" cabbin; the taylor brought the ve-
" ry ſuit you ſee him have on now;
" the hatter the very hat; but the
" barber, who proved to be an old
" Frenchman, did not bring that
" wig; he had by him an apotheca-
" ry's ſhort white bob, made for his
" own hair, to comb over the front,
" this he told the captain was the tip-
" top faſhion, and accordingly, in
" pruning his black locks, reſerved a
" fine border in front, to comb over
" his curious white wig, which every
" body muſt conceive, matched as
" well as a dark bay, and a cream-
" coloured horſe; however, after
" ſhaving his beard cloſer than ever
" it had been ſince it made its firſt
" appearance on his chin, and ſcowr-
" ing his face with his waſhball clean-
" er than the five foregoing ſummer

" ſuns

" ſuns had ever ſeen it, with the help
" of powder and pomatum he made
" the black hairs agree with the white
" ones much better than could be ex-
" pected, and ſent the captain out a
" complete Wapponian beau.

" On his arrival at the houſe, he
" aſked the footman for his couſin
" Lovely; the ſervant told him his
" maſter was expected home every
" moment to dinner, but his miſtreſs
" was above ſtairs: " That will do very
" well," ſays the tar, " I went to ſee
" madam." Upon which the footman
" conducted him into a neat little
" parlour, where, when they had no
" company, this happy couple al-
" ways dined. The table cloth was
" ſpread for dinner, in the center of
" which ſtood a neat little pyramid of

" jellies

" jellies and ſweet-meats, &c. whilſt
" the ſervant went to inform his miſ-
" treſs, the captain began to take a
" ſurvey of the furniture, which, be-
" ing very neat and elegant, made
" him ſtare with wonder; unfortu-
" nately for him, there was a large
" looking-glaſs, which, inclining from
" the upper part, gave a full view of
" his whole perſon; the captain, who
" had never ſeen any part of his own
" figure in a glaſs ſince the day he
" was chriſtened, nor indeed any
" more of his face than was ſufficient
" to ſhave himſelf, which he did once
" a month at leaſt, knew no more of
" his own perſon than he did of the
" cham of Tartary; therefore, perceiv-
" ing an odd dreſt fellow ſtaring
" ſtrangely at him, he was rather puz-
" zled, and walked up haſtily to ſee

" who

" who it was; whether the glaſs prov-
" ed to be nigher than he thought,
" or his oak ſtick ſtuck out further
" from under his arm than he expect-
" ed, I know not, but the head of
" the ſtick ſaluted the glaſs ſo rough-
" ly, that being very careleſly hung,
" it brought it down to the ground,
" and broke it all to pieces: amazed
" at the miſchief he had done, he
" clapt himſelf down into an arm-
" chair in ſuch a hurry, that he made
" the back and belly of a guitar
" meet, this cauſed him to recover
" his legs as nimbly as if he had
" ſquatted upon the point of a cobler's
" awl, and turning briſkly round to
" ſee what made ſuch a lamentable
" craſh, with the ſweep of his but-
" tock he overſet the table, and ſent
" both it and the deſert-glaſſes all to

" the

" the ground together. The captain
" then thought the devil muſt be in
" the houſe, where a man could not
" move without doing miſchief, and
" was ſtanding in amaze, wiſhing
" himſelf at ſea in a ſtorm, when in
" came the lady, who, beholding
" ſuch a ſtrange ſcene, naturally
" thought the keeper of bedlam had
" given a day-rule to one of the co-
" legians to come and plague her;
" and the uncommon figure, and
" ſtrange wild looks of the ſalt-water
" animal, quite confirmed her in her
" ſuſpicion; this ſtruck her as dumb
" as the captain, and produced a ſilent
" ſcene of aſtoniſhment far beyond
" the power of deſcription.

" Had Mr. Garrick himſelf been
" there, he would have frankly own-

" ed, that amazing fine attitude of
" his in Romeo and Juliet, which ſo
" much exceeds every thing the world
" ever ſaw before, or perhaps ever
" will again, is no more to be com-
" pared to the captain's aſtoniſhed
" phiz, than a two-penny lobſter to
" a Greenland whale."

" The lady not daring to take her
" eyes off the gazing captain, for fear
" he ſhould make a ſpring at her,
" he in return ſtared with all his
" might at her; at laſt (however im-
" probable the ladies may think it,)
" the captain found his tongue firſt,
" and began thus: " Couſin," ſays
" he; couſin! thinks ſhe; aye this
" muſt be a couſin Tom ſure enough;
" upon which, ſquinting to the door,
" which was luckily left open, ſhe

" whipped

" whipped out, and, drawing it after
" her, turned the key for fear
" couſin Tom ſhould follow her;
" then running up ſtairs, ſummoned
" the ſervants to know who let that
" madman in; the footman proved
" the culprit, at whom ſhe let drive
" tooth and nail for not knowing a
" madman; " Lord! madam," ſays
" the fellow very innocently, " they ſay
" half of the men and women in town
" are mad, ſo how can I know them
" all; beſides, he aſked for his couſin.

" Why, blockhead!" ſays madam,
" ten times more angry at this ſpeech
" than ever, " all the mad folks in
" bedlam are couſin Toms and cou-
" ſin Bettys; why the man told
" you at firſt he was a madmen, and
" ſtill you muſt let him in; but go and

" get

" get him out again as faſt as you
" can." The footman, who had no
" great ſtomach to encounter any
" man, much leſs a madman, who,
" as Joe Miller informs you, is as
" ſtrong as two men, becauſe he is
" a man beſide himſelf, went and firſt
" opened the ſtreet-door, then the
" dining-room door, hoping the mad-
" man, like a wild cat, or ſtrange
" dog, would be glad to make his
" eſcape after his miſchief, but he
" himſelf, retreated to the foot of
" the ſtair-caſe, to be ready to mount
" in caſe the captain took a wrong
" turn, and came further into the
" houſe, when, luckily, in came the
" maſter. He was aſtoniſhed to ſee
" both the ſtreet and dining-room
" doors open, and the footman ſtand-
" ing centinel at the ſtair-foot, but

" much

" much more ſo, when he perceived
" the ſervant beckoning him to come
" forward; " What the devil can be
" the matter with the fellow?" quoth
" he: inſtantly a voice within the room
" anſwers, " Upon my ſoul it was
" none of my fault." On which the
" footman, ſeeing his maſter going to
" the dining-room, runs to ſtop him,
" crying, " Pray, Sir, don't go into the
" dining-room, there is a madman
" in it." The captain, ſeeing it was his
" couſin, nimbly advanced, and,
" ſhaking his ſtick at the footman,
" ſays, " You lye, you ſon of a land-
" lubber; it is you freſh water var-
" ment that run mad, and not honeſt
" ſeamen." Then, ſhaking his couſin
" by the hand, who recollected him
" by his voice, elſe would never have
" gueſſed who he was, they both en-

" tered

" tered the dining-room; on ſeeing
" ſuch deſtruction, the maſter of the
" houſe was going to ring, to know
" what was the matter, when the ho-
" neſt captain told him it was all his
" own doing. " Which way, for
" God's ſake," ſays his kinſman; " I
" can hardly tell myſelf," ſays the
" captain: " I have been taken ſhort
" in a gale at ſea many and many a
" time of my life, but ſuch a ſudden
" ſquall as this I never met with; for
" before I had time to hand a top-
" ſail, or even take in a reef, the ſhip
" was laid on her broadſide, and all
" this miſchief done." He then told
" him the whole affair ſo comically in
" the ſea dialect, that his couſin en-
" joyed it beyond meaſure; and,
" without regarding his loſs, laughed
" moſt immoderately. Now Ma-

" dam, who had locked the drawing-
" room door above ſtairs, and reſolv-
" ed to keep it ſo till the madman
" was gone, hearing this uncommon
" noiſe through the key-hole, rung
" the bell to know the reaſon; the
" footman told her his maſter was
" come in, and ſeemed to be as mad
" as the mad couſin, for they were
" laughing till they made all ring
" again: Madam could not conceive
" which way her huſband could, all
" of a ſudden, become ſo merry at
" his loſs; but, female curioſity get-
" ting the better of her fears, ſhe
" e'en opened the door, and went
" down to ſee her huſband. As he
" never enjoyed any pleaſure ſo well
" as when ſhe ſhared it with him, he
" begged the captain to tell the ſtory
" over again: ſhe was a woman of

" quick conception, and enjoyed it
" to the full as much as her huſband:
" the open ſincerity of our tar's heart
" could not eſcape her penetration;
" ſhe ſaw it through his artleſs tale,
" and ever ſince takes a pleaſure in
" making her huſband's luckleſs
" couſin welcome, whenever his oc-
" cupation permits him to ſpend a
" month in town; but he, ever ſince
" his own phiz deceived him in the
" glaſs, reſolved to dreſs after
" his own fancy, ſwearing he
" would never let any jamfootering
" Frenchman make a baboon of him
" again; which accounts for the curi-
" ous figure he cuts now, and I ima-
" gine the long flaxen Adonis is en-
" tirely his own choice: as for his not
" knowing his face in the glaſs, it is
" not much to be wondered at, be-

" cauſe the French barber had
" ſheared his black briſtles almoſt a
" day's march within the ſkin, and he
" always thought himſelf clean ſhav-
" ed, when he left a groupe of black
" ſtumps ſticking out of his chin,
" not much above a tenth part of an
" inch long."

CHAP. II.

Sea remarks on land animals.

AS the captain and his amiable couſin bore down before the wind, they met a ſpruce young gentleman dreſt a-la-mode de puppy; his foretop was about nine inches high; and on each ſide of his empty pate hung two large curls, one very near as low

low as his ſhoulder, and the other above his ear, but the chazm betwixt them was ſo prettily frized, that, by the niceſt calculation, he could not have been leſs than four hours under his frizeur's hands: this figure was taking two or three rounds by himſelf, out of mere good-nature, that every body might, without interruption, ſee the elegance of his taſte; had he joined any body as tall as himſelf, either one ſide or the other muſt have been ſhaded, and, of conſequence, ſome of the company been deprived of the ſuperlative pleaſure of viewing ſuch an inimitable coxcomb. This image, although the few ſenſes he had, were ſufficiently employed in admiration of himſelf, yet could it not help taking notice of the captain, eſpecially as he had ſo fine a woman hung on

his arm; the copper-faced captain was even with him, for he had marked him half a cable's length before he came along-ſide of him; ſo that the moment they met, they both ſtopt ſhort as ſuddenly as if they had been thunder-ſtruck; viewing each other, at the ſame time, with the moſt ſovereign contempt, each happy in in his own mind, that he was not the deſpicable animal he was looking at.

How contemptible a figure muſt a man make in his own eye, would he but ſeriouſly reflect, that not only the greateſt pleaſures, but the greateſt miſeries of life, ſpring from ſuch trifles as theſe.

What ſort of remarks the beau's brains might produce, or what kind

kind of ideas the captain's figure might create there, I can't ſay; but as to our African trader, his remarks were as gall-leſs as himſelf. "If that "fair-weather ſpark," ſays he, "keeps "that top-gallant-ſail ſet, and don't "carry away his top-maſt before he "gets into port, I'll give you leave "to keel-haul me, couſin." "You "may give me leave to do that," replies Mrs. Lovely, "for I don't "know what kind of a diverſion it "is." The words were no ſooner out of her mouth, but they met lady **** powdered and painted up to the ears. "Laſh me to the main-"maſt," ſays the captain, "if ſome-"body has not put petticoats on the "ſtern-poſt of a Dutch fly-boat." "Fy captain!" ſays his amiable couſin, "that is the famous Lady **** "that

" that all the men of taſte admire ſo."
" Taſte!" ſays the captain, " a queer
" taſte indeed: for my part, I had ra-
" ther taſte a piece of ſalt beef that
" has made two voyages to the Eaſt-
" Indies, than taſte that paint and
" putty of hers; why, it would ſet the
" chain-pump of my bowels a-going,
" and not only bring up all my bilge-
" water, but ſend my pluck over-
" board, through the ſcupper-holes."
This was heathen Greek to couſin Lovely; ſo ſhe bottled it up, to get an explanation from her huſband; and only ſaid, " But don't you think ſhe
" is a mighty genteel woman, cap-
" tain." " I believe ſhe's a ſwift ſai-
" ler," ſays the captain, " becauſe ſhe
" keeps company with her drag-ſail
" over-board (meaning her train,) but
" a ſudden ſquall, I've a notion,
" would

" would ſoon turn her keel upper-
" moſt, or blow all her rigging to tat-
" ters, and leave her as naked as a
" ſhip with bare poles ſtanding."

Juſt as he finiſhed this ſpeech, long Sir **** paſſed by them. " Now " you talk of poles," ſays couſin Lovely, " what do you think of that " ſtick of wood? could you make any " uſe of him on ſhip-board?" " Yes," ſays the captain, " after a hard gale, " he would make a very good jury-" maſt.—He's very fine though, cou-" ſin; but his coat, to me, ſeems as if " it was hung on the yard-arm to dry." " To be ſure," ſays couſin Lovely, " he is not the genteeleſt figure you " ever ſaw; but, for all that, he has " cut a figure of one ſort or another, " in and about town, for theſe forty

" years

" years, and upwards, and a hiſtory of " his life, by an able pen, would be " no bad bone for a bookſeller to " pick." Say you ſo, thinks I, then why may not my bookſeller pick a bone as well as another? he ſeems to have both teeth and ſtomach; now to write the life of this long-ſhank'd hero can't ſurely require greater talents, than the author of the Life of the Spaniſh rogue poſſeſt; and, without vanity, mine I think are equal to that genius: on which I marked down this knight of the meagre-phiz, as a proper ſubject to begin my fifth volume with.

Curioſity would not ſuffer either my owner or his friend, to loſe a ſingle remark of the captain's; ſo they followed both him and his couſin as near

near as they poſſibly could, to hear his further annotations.

The next figure that ſtruck the captain's eye, was Miſs ***, with a cap on her head about the ſize of a buſhel-meaſure. "If that was my "wife," ſays the captain, "run me "down in fifty fathom water, if I would "not bleach all my old main-ſails, "to find rigging for her top-gallant-"maſts." "That lady," ſays his couſin Lovely, "is both a very agree-"able, and very ſenſible woman; and "yet has that ſtrange whim, of wear-"ing her caps like nobody elſe; now "that other folks wear them no big-"ger than a crown piece, that's her "ſtandard; when other ladies in-"creaſe theirs in bulk, I don't doubt "but hers will be as near the ſize of

"a ſugar-

" a ſugar-hogſhead as the milliners can
" make it; but ſuch whims in her
" are uſeful to trade, becauſe ſhe
" pays punctually."

The next that took the captain's eye, was the charming ducheſs of A——r, to whom that line of Milton's may be properly applied.

"Grace was in all her ſteps," &c. &c.

The dignity and eaſe with which the ducheſs moved, had an inſtantaneous effect on our artleſs captain. " Aye,
" there," ſays the blunt tar, guided by no other judgment than pure nature, " there's a frigate moves ſo, that
" a man with half an eye may ſee
" her ballaſt has been trim'd by work-
" men." Although bare-poles, top-gallant-

gallant-ſails, ballaſt, trimming, and drag-ſails, were heathen Greek to Mrs Lovely, yet the captain applied his terms ſo much to the purpoſe, that, in half a dozen more trips, I'll anſwer for him, he would have made a complete ſailor of her: but, juſt then, Mr. Lovely and his friend joining them, the converſation became general, and we had no opportunity of hearing any more of the captain's oddities; therefore contented ourſelves with obſerving the remarks that other people made on the captain, which every man did, in the words that conveyed the ſtrongeſt ideas to himſelf; by which means I quickly knew the trade of each witty gentleman that choſe to ſhow off, by getting a fling at our honeſt tar.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Land animals returning the compliment.

A City woollen-draper, who was taking his half-crown's worth of rounds in that horſe-mill, with a long ſword on, ſays to a mercer, his companion, who was likewiſe a ſwordſman for the night, "Did you "ever, George, ſee ſuch a pattern as "that there piece of ſtuff? (meaning our honeſt captain.) "Faith," ſays the mercer, "I have been looking this "three rounds, and can't make out "whether his fabric is Turkey cot-"ton, or Engliſh linſey-woolſey." Mr. Threetines the cutler, told his lady, who was hanging on his arm,

"That

"That he never ſaw ſuch a queer "blade before." Mr. Diſcount, the banker, ſaid, "He never ſet his eyes "on ſuch an unnegotiable piece of "paper." Mr. Quarto, the book-ſeller, ſaid, "He never ſaw a man ſo "oddly bound up in his life." Mr. Single-eye, the great telleſcope-maker, ſaid, "He never eſpied ſuch a "ſpectacle ſince he firſt peeped "through a tube." My Lady Muſh-room declared, "She never beheld "ſuch a harrabel-looking fellar." Mr. Pepper-box, the ſilver-ſmith, ſaid, "Let him be what countryman he "would, he plainly perceived, he "wanted a great deal of refining." The ſeller of ſtoves and fenders, "thought him very badly poliſhed." The watchmaker ſaid, "He never "ſaw ſuch a ſtrange movement." Mr.

Kneeband

Kneeband, the great taylor, who, like the reſt, was a ſwordſman for that night, ſaid, "He never ſaw a piece of "work, cut ſo much out of the fa-"ſhion." Mr. Beaver, the hatter, ſaid, "Not only his hat, but his "whole body was ſtrangely cocked." Miſs Blondlace, the milliner, ſaid, "She was ſure his face had never "been clear-ſtarched." Mr. Tripple-ſtamp, the attorney, declared, "He "never ſaw a piece of parchment ſo "vilely indented." And Pinchbeck ſaid, "He could not gueſs what me-"tal he was made of." To wrap all theſe pithy obſervations neatly up, I kept wiſhing Mr. Foote might come by, and ſee our tar; becauſe I was certain one ſhort ſentence of his, would contain more than the whole collection of theſe manufacturing wits put together;

together, and have turned my ſtory into an epigram, by ending it with a point; but, unluckily, he was not there that evening: I muſt, therefore, beg the favour of every reader to pleaſe himſelf, by ſubſtituting ſomething of his own, in lieu of what he thinks Mr. Foote would have ſaid. If a reader can't pleaſe himſelf with his own thoughts, I am ſure it would be out of my power to do it; but, *per contra*, if he can pleaſe himſelf, he will be much better ſatisfied, than if even a genuine *bon mot* from that unrivalled genius had cloſed my narration.

CHAP. IV.

Different kinds of motions.

I STILL continued, to my great ſatisfaction, to remain in the hands of Mr. Derbyſhire, who carried me, and a friend, down to his ſeat in Surry; the afternoon, it being Saturday, they ſpent in fiſhing. And on Sunday morning they attended divine ſervice. Mr. Derbyſhire never failed doing that, not only from the dictates of his own good ſenſe, but to ſet a proper example to his tenants, labourers, and domeſtic ſervants. They heard an excellent ſermon, from a grave, reverend, plain-looking clergyman: but Mr. Derbyſhire's friend could

could not help taking notice, as they returned from church, that he muſt be a foreigner, by the ſtrange twang of ſeveral words. "Yes," ſays Mr. Derbyſhire, "he is a foreigner; for "he was born in a country that lies "weſt of Weſt-Cheſter: he will dine "with us, and then you will have an "opportunity of converſing with a "downright, honeſt creature; that "has juſt as much learning as is "proper to lead a country flock, but "not enough to miſlead them. He "is gone to look after his own con-"cerns for an hour, but he knows "dinner-time; in the interim, I will "give you the hiſtory of this honeſt "Hibernian, who is the real, origi-"nal inventor of that third motion of "the ſun, which every man tells, of "a parſon belonging to his own coun-

" try. What countryman the face-
" tious Joe Miller makes him, I
" can't ſay; not having the honour of
" reading that profound author ſince
" I was ten years of age: but, on this
" you may depend, that, in ſpite of
" all attempts of ſtory-tellers, to ſteal
" that honour from him, my honeſt
" rector is the true original motion-
" maker. I have heard the ſtory ſo
" often from my father, that I can
" give it you *verbatim*.

" About forty years ago, my fa-
" ther being then a batchelor, from
" which, as I aver my mother was an
" honeſt woman, you'll naturally infer
" I was not born; and your inference
" will prove juſt and true. My fa-
" ther, who, for the reſt of the ſtory,
" I ſhall call the 'ſquire, for ſhortneſs,

" in imitation of the tenants, (who
" have conferred that honour from
" him to me,) came down to ſpend
" the Saturday afternoon, and Sun-
" day, as you and I have done. On
" his entrance into the church, he e-
" ſpied a ſtrange uncouth figure, with
" long hair, that looked as if it had
" been well combed with his fingers,
" mounted behind the reading-deſk,
" ready cocked, to give fire, the mo-
" ment the 'ſquire appeared; and, the
" inſtant he entered the door of his
" pew, the reverend ſtrange figure
" began, " I will ariſe, and go to my
" father." " Will you!" mutters the
" 'ſquire, " then you muſt go in-
" to Ireland; for he can be no Eng-
" liſhman, I'll be ſworn." The 'ſquire
" was quite right in his conjecture;
" but, for all that, Teague read the

" prayers with ſuch becoming decen-
" cy, that he pleaſed him greatly; in
" ſhort, when he mounted the pul-
" pit, the 'ſquire prepared himſelf to
" liſten with great attention to the
" honeſt man.

" After Teague, in the prologue
" uſed to ſermons, had prayed for the
" king, queen, and royal family, with
" more ſincerity than I am apt to
" think ſeveral former biſhops ever
" did, he proceeded to his text, and
" gave out,

" The 10th chapter of Joſhua,
" verſe 13th.

" And the ſun ſtood ſtill,

" This he repeated twice; then,
" fetching up as much phlegm as he
" thought

" thought would clear his lungs
" for the whole job, he wiped
" his mouth with a new handkerchief,
" that coſt him a half thirteen in
" Ireland, and which had never
" peeped out of the paper it was
" wrapped in, till the minute before
" he mounted the reading-deſk. As
" it was his only handkerchief, what
" ſhift he made all the way he came,
" ſome of the laborious writers of folios
" on probabilities and poſſibilities may
" perhaps make out, but I have no
" gueſs; ſo I ſhall ſay nothing about it.

" My beloved," ſays this Teague-lander, " you muſt underſtand, " that before the flood, the ſun had " but one motion; he uſed to riſe in " the weſt, and ſet in the eaſt, with- " out having occaſion to change his

" courſe in the leaſt; but, after the
" flood, when mankind grew almoſt
" as wicked as they are now, God
" Almighty was forced to work mi-
" racles for them, and now and then
" change the very motions of the ſun;
" ſo that, inſtead of one, he got three
" motions. Firſt, there was his an-
" cient progreſſive motion, of going
" forward from the weſt to the eaſt.
" Thirdly, there was his retrogade
" motion, when he went back ten
" degrees, upon good king Hezeki-
" ah's account. And, Secondly, and
" laſtly, there was the motion men-
" tioned in my text:

" And the ſun ſtood ſtill."

" Now the ſun's progreſſive motion
" from the weſt to the eaſt, had

" rather

" had rather ſtartled the 'ſquire a lit-
" tle; but when he came to this mo-
" tion of ſtanding ſtill, an involunta-
" ry motion of his muſcles became
" too powerful for him to ſuppreſs;
" therefore, being nigh the door, he
" ſuffered a progreſſive motion due
" north, to carry his body out of the
" church, leaving Teague to make his
" congregation ſtare at his profound
" learning and knowledge. When he
" thought Teague's ſermon was finiſh-
" ed, he ſent a ſervant to deſire him
" to come and take a dinner with him;
" which friendly invitation the honeſt
" curate made as little bones in ac-
" cepting, as he did in ſwallowing
" half a large plum-pudding, which
" the cook had made, without think-
" ing of any clergyman's dining
" there; and, therefore, the body of

" black-

" black-coats don't, I hope, ſuſpect,
" I meant any reflection on the cloth,
" by introducing a plum-pudding.
" I would avoid giving offence, as
" much as lies in my power; but
" ſhan't hide the truth to pleaſe any
" cloth.

" The 'ſquire had heard, before the
" honeſt curate reached the Hall-
" houſe, that his ſermon had given
" amazing content. When the par-
" ſon came in, he made an apology
" to him, for the ſudden occaſion that
" obliged him to leave church:
" But the loſs," ſays he, " was mine;
" for I hear I miſſed a moſt excellent
" ſermon." " By St. Patrick did
" you," ſays Teague, " for I never
" took ſo much pains with a ſermon
" in my life, nor never will again."

" Now

" Now Teague, being a churchman,
" never ſwore by Jaſus, as the lay-
" men of that nation often do. In
" ſhort, the 'ſquire found, that his
" rector, who had the honour to be
" an Iriſhman himſelf, had ſent for
" this poor honeſt fellow, to be his
" curate; and, the moment he was
" imported, had diſpatched him down
" to preach an approbation-ſermon.
" If he was liked, he was to have a
" room in the parſonage houſe;
" twenty pounds a year, and a piece
" of ground for potatoes. In the
" digging, planting, hoeing, &c. of
" which he was to the full as good a
" hand, as in making ſermons. The
" 'ſquire, finding the honeſt Mileſian
" had an excellent heart, reſolved to
" fix him in his pariſh; and told him,
" he would anſwer for the pariſhio-

" ners

" ners approving the rector's choice;
" and, to make it the more agreeable
" to him, he would not only add five
" guineas a-year to his ſallary, but, if
" he found his piece of potatoe-
" ground too ſmall to keep him in
" employ, he would give him as
" large a piece as he could make uſe
" of, ſo as not to interfere with his
" ſermon-making. " Arrah, my dear
" joy," ſays Teague, " the more po-
" tatoe-ground I have, the more
" good ſermons I ſhall make; for my
" beſt thoughts always come, when I
" am hard digging." The 'ſquire be-
" ing pretty well convinced, that
" Teague muſt have dug hard for eve-
" ry thought in his ſermon, except
" that motion of ſtanding ſtill, which
" came ſpontaneouſly; could not
" help ſmiling, to ſee how luckily the

" boglander

" boglander had ſtumbled on the
" truth.

" After an hour's further conver-
" ſation with this innocent, uncor-
" rupted churchman, the 'ſquire,
" finding a good heart, in the center
" of a moderate capacity, looked up-
" on him, as the propereſt man in the
" kingdom, for his pariſh: being con-
" vinced he would not only ſet a good
" example, by his own induſtry, but
" give them ſuch diſcourſes as would
" never miſlead them, becauſe they
" would ſeldom be able to under-
" ſtand them; he, therefore, gave
" him his firſt year's ſallary of five
" guineas, in advance; judging two
" things might have happened: the
" firſt was, that althovgh this reve-
" rend Paddy had rode poſt on foot

" from

" from Cheſter; yet expences, even
" that way of travelling, might run
" high, in proportion to his finances;
" and the next was, that his rector
" would never think of aſking him
" any queſtions about it; but judge
" it ſufficient, if he paid a quarter's
" wages, when it was earned. Mer-
" lin, the conjurer of all conjurers,
" could not have divined better than
" the 'ſquire did, though he never
" ſtudied a ſingle line of the black
" art in his life.

" Before the honeſt potatoe-plant-
" er retreated to his apartment in the
" parſonage-houſe, the 'ſquire told
" him, he would ſend a handſome
" gown and caſſock from town, for
" him to wear on Sundays; to keep
" up the proper reſpect that ought to

" be paid by the parishioners to their
" teacher; then, desiring him not to
" trouble his head about any knotty
" points of religion, but to preach
" the golden rule to his tenants, of
" doing to all men as they would be
" done by themselves; to love and
" assist each other; mind their own
" concerns on the week-days, and ap-
" pear decently dress'd at church
" on Sundays; to pay their de-
" votions to their Maker, and
" keep the Sabbath holy; " That, I
" think," says the squire, " is the sum
" of all religion." " By St. Patrick,"
" says Teague, " and a very good
" sum too." Whether the honest curate, by the word *good sum*, meant the sum of all religion, or the sum of five guineas, which he had gotten safe in his pocket, for the life

of

of me, I never could gueſs; if you can, reader, you have the advantage of me; but I fear we ſhall never know, becauſe the 'ſquire's delicacy would not let him aſk the good man any queſtions about it, leſt it ſhould look like putting him in mind of the ſmall ſum he had given him; therefore, that matter, though a matter of ſuch conſequence to the learned world, muſt remain a profound ſecret; unleſs one of my ſagacious readers happens, by the dint of his own ſuperior underſtanding to find it out, and fix it with as much certainty as a great churchman has the Divine Legation.

"The 'ſquire," ſays Mr. Derbyſhire, "finding the honeſt parſon bottled "up every word he ſaid to him, as

care-

" carefully as if it had been true
" Iriſh uſquebaugh, could not part
" with him, without a word or two
" more of advice."

" Doctor," ſays he (I call you doc-
" tor, becauſe I don't deſign to leave
" till I have made you one; and, adds
" he, I don't ſee any reaſon why an
" honeſt man ſhould not be made a
" doctor now and then) take great
" care how you attempt to make any
" innovations or alterations in reli-
" gion. I cannot better imprint in
" your mind, the danger of making
" innovations in religion, than by tell-
" ing the ſtory of an honeſt, well-
" meaning parſon, in Cumberland,
" whoſe zeal to lead his flock a ſhort
" way to heaven, had like to have
" been attended with much miſchief,

" had he not luckily prevented it in
" time."

CHAP. V.

The danger of innovations.

"THis good man, you muſt know;
" this Cumberland preacher of
" the goſpel, obſerving that his con-
" gregation had no great notion of
" a heaven, whoſe joys conſiſted in
" ſinging hallelujahs, without a word
" of eating and drinking, when the
" morning-ſervice was over, took
" upon him, after the example of
" Mahomet, to make a heaven, that
" he fancied would ſuit the taſte of
" his flock; thinking, like the prieſts
" of all religions, there could be no
" harm in biting men out of their
" ſenſes,

" ſenſes, provided it was for the good
" of their ſouls. " To be ſure," ſays
" Teague very innocently. He there-
" fore told them in one of his bet-
" ter-beſt ſermons, that, provided
" they led a godly life, and bore their
" hardſhips with Chriſtian patience,
" they would certainly go to that part
" of heaven, where they would
" have ſufficient amends made for all
" the hungry, hard-working days
" they underwent in this world; for
" he would inſure them a hot plum-
" pudding upon the table, exactly
" at twelve o' clock every day, be-
" ſides beans and bacon, and bottled
" ale in plenty. He thought if this
" would not tempt the hungry
" rogues to mend their manners,
" and lead a godly life, nothing
" would; but, like what is done
" to our acts of parliament, he was

" obliged the Sunday after, to make
" additions and emendations to his
" ſermon; for, between Sunday and
" Sunday, two of the moſt hungry of
" his pariſhioners hanged themſelves,
" about eleven o' clock in the morn-
" ing, in order to get to heaven juſt
" in pudding-time; upon which the
" parſon told them the next Sunday,
" that whoever haſtened their depar-
" ture out of this world, would cer-
" tainly go where they would meet
" with pudding indeed, and plum-
" pudding too; but the plums
" were red-hot bullets, and the ſauce
" burning brimſtone, which a devil
" of a footman, in a flaming livery,
" made them ſwallow by laddlefuls,
" as ſauce for their hot bullets.
" Think," ſays he, " my belov-
" ed friends, what a fine condition

" our

" our two neighbours are in at pre-
" ſent, by their ſo raſhly jumping out
" of the frying-pan into the fire. I
" aſſure you, could they come back
" again, they would be well content-
" ed to bear all the hardſhips of this
" world, and live ſix thouſand years,
" in lieu of ſixty, upon mouldy rye-
" bread and ſour butter-milk, inſtead
" which, every laddleful of the red
" hot ſtuff they now ſwallow, runs
" their tripes ſo upon ſnick-ſnarls, that
" they do nothing but roar from
" meal to meal, without ceaſing, and
" there they muſt roar for ever and
" ever."

" This ſermon had its deſired ef-
" fect; and no more of his pariſhio-
" ners are ſince gone a plum-pud-
" ding-hunting: but, for fear of lo-
" ſing any more of his flock, the

" parſon takes particular care, in all
" the ſermons he makes ſince, not to
" mention a ſingle word of the pud-
" ding. I would have you, there-
" fore, ſays the 'ſquire, " to take
" great care never to cook them
" up a new diſh of either pud-
" ding, or any thing elſe. " Indeed
" I will not, my dear honey," ſays
" Teague; " ſince that is the caſe,
" there ſhall not a ſingle potatoe
" grow in heaven, out of any of my
" ſermons; though I think it a moſt
" heavenly fruit.

" Juſt then, Mr. Derbyſhire's car-
" riage coming to the door, he ſhook
" the honeſt Hibernian cordially by
" the hand, and left him to retire to
" the corner of the parſonage-houſe,
" the moſt contented man upon
" earth;

" earth; and away he drove to
" town.

" In the morning, the 'ſquire or-
" dered as handſome a gown and
" caſſock as ever was made for a dou-
" ble chinn'd pluraliſt, and ſent it
" down to the honeſt curate. The
" firſt time he put it on, he kept his
" eyes ſo fix'd upon it, that he broke
" his ſhins three or four times over
" the wooden grave-ſtones, of which
" a pretty good number ſtood be-
" tween the parſonage-houſe and the
" church-door; but, as he returned,
" he fared much worſe; for he
" actually tumbled over one of the
" ill ſpelt monuments of the dead,
" and put his thumb ſo ſtrangely out
" of joint, that he was never able to
" hold a pen again; but, as it prov-

" ed no impediment to his uſing a
" ſpade, the 'ſquire thought it rather
" a lucky accident than otherwiſe,
" and directly bought him an excel-
" lent ſet of manuſcript ſermons,
" which would be the beſt means, he
" thought, not only of ſaving Teague
" the trouble of explaining, whether
" the ſun moved in a ſtraight line or
" a circle, when he ſtood ſtill; but al-
" ſo, of giving him time to cultivate
" his favourite underground heaven-
" ly fruit, called potatoes; the conſe-
" quence of all which was, that in
" five years time, no pariſh in Eng-
" land, Scotland, Wales, or Ireland,
" could boaſt of ſuch a ſet of good
" pariſhioners, or ſuch crops of ex-
" cellent potatoes; and all owing to
" the parſon's good example."

Learn hence, ye biſhops, prieſts, and deacons, how much example is ſuperior to precept.

CHAP. VI.

Potatoes as good as Cheſhire cheeſe, to help to digeſt roaſt beef.

"IT is now," continues Mr. Derbyſhire, "about ſeven years, "ſince I had the pleaſure of fulfil- "ling my father's intentions, of be- "ſtowing the living upon this ho- "neſt potatoe-planter, and am pleaſ- "ed to find, it has made no man- "ner of alteration in his way of life; "he is the ſame induſtrious creature "he ever was; and, ſo great an ene- "my to innovations, that he has nei- "ther changed the faſhion of his coat

" coat or ſhoes, or loſt a ſingle accent " of his native brogue, during the " whole forty years he has reſided " here."

Juſt then the honeſt parſon appeared: his compliment always to Mr. Derbyſhire was, " Shave you, my " good patron." Then, turning to " the gentleman, ſays, " Shave you, " Sir." Mr. Derbyſhire's friend, not being uſed to Teague's dialect, ſuddenly clapt his hand to his chin, thinking his ſervant had forgot to ſhave him; but he quickly recollected himſelf, and juſt then, the dinner-bell gave notice, that the roaſt beef had marched from the center of the ſpit to the center of a large ſilver diſh; at which inſtant I obſerved, that the parſon's tongue ſhot out

of

of his mouth, and moved three times from the eaſt corner of his lips to the weſt, and back again, with great velocity. Some people, in a vulgar phraſe, would call this licking his lips; but, I think, it was only by way of oiling them, either to make them open with more eaſe, when the hot beef came to demand entrance, or prevent it from burning them, if it happened to touch, in its paſſage to thy grinders: be it which way it would, the precaution was no bad one; and no clergyman need be aſhamed of following the example of ſo harmleſs a creature.

Mr. Derbyſhire's friend was greatly pleaſed with the honeſt parſon's downright artleſs manner of expreſſing himſelf, though there happened not

not to be any thing brilliant enough in that afternoon's converſation, to ſuit the taſte of my readers, I mean in the converſation after dinner; as for the dinner itſelf, it would have ſuited any man's taſte, from a cobler up to a king; the beef was delightful; and my good friend, doctor Teague, ſent down ſuch a quantity, that I ſoon perceived he made uſe of Sunday, to furniſh his ſtore-room with fleſh proviſions for the whole week; and then he had nothing to do, but ſtuff in potatoes by way of bread to it, till the next Sunday; for not one morſel of bread did he touch at the 'ſquire's, but ſent almoſt all the inſide, and three large cuts of the outſide of the ſirloin, with a leg and the fleſhy part of the wing of a hare, to keep themſelves company, till he had time to

diſpatch

diſpatch half the pudding after them; theſe lay very contentedly, and were ſure to be reinforced with a quarter of a peck of potatoes at night, which, repeated morning, noon, and night, on the week-days, brought on a good digeſtion, and prepared our doctor for a Sunday's campaign again.

I ſaid I would not mention any thing of the converſation; but I cannot forbear one little article, as it ſhews our doctor's artleſs ideas.

"Doctor," ſays Mr. Derbyſhire's friend, "I have heard, that your coun-
"try is famous for uſquebaugh."
"Yes, very famous," ſays the Hibernian. "Pray, doctor," ſays the friend, "what do they make it of;
"for

" for I never taſted any." " Nor I " neither, burn me," ſays the doctor, " but I fancy they can make it of no- " thing but butter-milk and ſugar, " and red French claret wine; " becauſe they ſay it is ſuch very " good ſtuff." " It can't be that, " doctor," ſays Mr. Derbyſhire, " be- " cauſe it is a mixture uſed as a " dram." Our Teague, who had no idea of any body taking a dram, unleſs he was not well, anſwers, " that it " could not be a mixture for a dram, " becauſe he heard his countrymen " drank it for pleaſure; but, for a " dram when the ſtomach was out of " order, he had a very pretty mixture " himſelf, which had laſted him a- " bove eight years, and always did " him great ſervice." " Pray, Doc- " tor," ſays Mr. Derbyſhire, " what

" mixture

" mixture may it be." " Your de-
" parted father, my honoured patron,"
ſays Teague, " gave me a little
" dram-bottle that holds three pints;
" and he gave me a dozen quart bot-
" tles, and a dozen pint bottles of
" rum; ſo I put one of the quart
" bottles, and one of the pint bottles
" together, to fill my dram-bottle,
" and, when it is out, I do the ſame;
" and a very pretty mixture it
" makes, I aſſure you; but five or
" ſix of the pints I made punch of,
" without mixing at all."

This little ſpell of the doctor's converſation I could not prevail on myſelf to paſs over in ſilence; although, as my reader was not with me to ſee the grave face with which he pronounced it, he may poſſibly find no meaning at all in it;

but all the joke might lay in the doctor's ſolemn face.

By this time coffee came, on which the doctor's tongue made the uſual preparation for hot work, by filling the dry pores of his lips with moiſture; then ſwallowing five cups ſo hot, that for ten ſeconds after each cup, his throat ſmoak'd like a brewer's chimney, he left Mr. Derbyſhire his benediction, and retired: and the two friends came away to town; where, the next morning, I parted from Mr. Derbyſhire. I ſhould have left him with a heavier heart, had it not been on ſo good an occaſion; but he lent me with ſo chearful a hand to a ſhopkeeper that applied to him in great diſtreſs, that I was aſham'd to let

any

any ſelfiſh views, prevent me from partaking in the pleaſure, his being able to aſſiſt his fellow creature ſeemed to give him.

CHAP. VII.

An account of an amazing, wonderful, uncommon inſtrument.

AFTER paſſing thro' the hands of ſix or ſeven fellows, whoſe phizzes I had hardly time to ſurvey, I was paid to a ſharp-looking, ſlim animal, to whom his neighbours had given the name of John the Ratcatcher.

John ***, ſurnamed the Ratcatcher, is an honeſt toyman at this end

of the town, and a very great genius in his way; but *non omnibus*, &c. he is ſuch an excellent hand at procuring patents, that he has got one for the ſole direction of people's fingers in the dark, when the thoughts of any particular affair ſtrikes them*. Whether his majeſty's patent ſays, that they ſhan't know, without John's inſtrument, if they are in the right place or not, I won't pretend to aſſert, having never read the royal piece of parchment; but I know, if I was a king, and poſſeſſed of that power, I would never have granted it away to any ſubject whatever, but have the directing

* This, we may judge, may allude to a patent ſomebody took out for an inſtrument to direct his majeſty's good ſubjects, where to carry their fingers, to make memorandums in the night.

directing of people's fingers myſelf. —Feeling is a very nice affair; and nobody ſhould feel for me, if I was a king; at leaſt, as long as my own ſenſe of feeling laſted, which, I hope, will be both his majeſty's caſe and mine ſeventy years longer at leaſt.

Whether John outwitted his maſter, or not, in gaining ſuch a patent, by repreſenting matters as the lawyers do in Weſtminſter-hall, in a quite different light from what they ought to be; or his M——y did it out of the regard he bears to John's ſharp phiz; or the clerks did it, for the ſake of an article, called *ready money*, (for which aforeſaid article, I am told, if you deſire it, they will draw you out a patent, for the ſole occupying of grazing farms in the

ſky,) I know not; but certain it is, that if you pay John only the ſum of five ſhillings for his inſtrument; when you have had your fingers at any certain place, if in an hour's time, or two or three, no matter which, the ſame thought, or ſomething bordering upon it, ſhould ſtrike you again, by the help of this ſaid inſtrument of John's, and a little groping into the bargain, you may gueſs almoſt to a certainty, whether you are in the very individual place, or an inch higher or lower than where you groped laſt; then, if you have your pencil in your hand, or your pen full of ink, you may fall to work directly. I own I ſhould like to work with my pen full of ink, becauſe the effects of ſuch memorandums often appear for fifty or ſixty years after; whereas the

work

work of a dry pencil, like Solomon's way of a man with a maid, leaves no traces behind it.

I cannot forbear obſerving, that if this inſtrument was the invention of the John I am ſpeaking of, or any other John, that he has been very ſhort in his recommendation of it; or, as the malign part of the world are pleaſed to nickname it, puffing it off; for, if it be uſeful to make ſeeing people write in the dark, it ſure can direct blind people to write in the day time; as nobody can deny, but they are in the dark, aſleep or awake: this is a hint I give this John, or the proper John, whoever he is, out of pure good-will to all enterpriſing geniuſes, and deſire he will not fail to enlarge upon ſo ſhining a

diſcovery, in a front advertiſement, in the Morning Chronicle, which paper I always read, as it is inferior to none in matter, and ſo far ſuperior in good print, that it ſaves me the expence of ſpectacles.

CHAP. VIII.

Prelude to ſome light tragical reading.

THIS inſtrument of inſtruments, with ſeveral other pretty inventions the world is obliged to John for; yet, amidſt all theſe qualifications, and ſundry more that John poſſeſſes, I am ſorry to ſay it, but he is accuſed of having a hard heart towards his fellow creatures, and is more than ſuſpected of laying a ſcheme

of the moſt horrible piece of barbarity that ever entered into the heart of man, woman, or child.

Now will I, my learned friend, Mr. Circulating Librarian, indulge you with a chapter of true tragical light reading, to pleaſe your taſte; for John's was a ſcheme not only to deſtroy, but to make his fellow creatures eat each other: the dreadful thought has affected my nerves ſo much already, that I am obliged to lay out a penny for a dram, to prevent me from waſting two pennyworth of ink, by ſhaking it out of my pen, and deſtroying my paper with unmeaning blots.

CHAP. IX.

Tragical.

I Have been ſmacking, and ſmacking, and ſmacking this half hour, and can't get the ſmack of this confounded geneva out of my mouth; I never taſted ſuch abominable ſtuff in my life: ſtinking malt ſpirits with fuſty juniper-berries; and yet the rogue will face me out, that he buys it of a worthy magiſtrate in the city, and pays the beſt price for it. But I don't mind what ſuch rogues as as he ſay; for, if a worthy magiſtrate's character could be ſullied by what pot-houſe fellows prate, you would hardly find one honeſt man on the bench;

bench; but, if there was one, and he happened to fall, he might lay till doomſday, for want of another to take him up.

I wiſh I had my penny again, with all my heart, and the dram was in the fellow's bottle or belly, or any where, but where it is. Milton talks of darkneſs viſible, but the very fumes of this geneva have a viſible ſtink; if an alderman can do ſuch things as ſell ſuch ſtuff, farewell all—but I won't believe it; ſo the raſcal may ſwear himſelf blind, if he pleaſes; he ſhall have no more of my cuſtom, I'll promiſe him; I wonder the dog had not the impudence to ſay, he bought it of a member of parliament? and then he would have clenched the matter.

Is

Is there no police in this country? are his majeſty's ſubjects to be poiſoned without any redreſs? if the houſe won't take it into conſideration, do you, my wiſe-looking friends at Hickes's-hall look about you, and grant your licences with a ſparing hand; examine well the looks of every fellow that applies, and report him to your chairman, if he happens to be blind, or let him hear the rogue ſpeak, and he'll ſee him better than you all together.

But I had well nigh loſt both John and his tragical ſtory. You ſee, reader, the bad effects of drinking to exceſs; had I been content with a halfpenny-worth, inſtead of a whole penny-worth, I ſhould have been plagued with only half the ſtink and half the heart-burn; but, *nemo mortalium*

lium omnibus horis ſapit—I muſt, with patience, let my bowels fry an hour longer, and take care, in future, when I have money, how I lay it out ſo inconſiderately.

This patent-getting John never thought of getting a patent to clear his own houſe of rats; and, therefore, was plagued with them to ſuch a degree, that he bore the whole race as great a grudge as * * * * * * does * * * * * *, for which reaſon revenge took poſſeſſion of his whole frame, and his mind was continually at work, how to wreak his vengeance on the long-tailed generation. This makes me the more ſurpriſed, that he ſhould not think of a patent; but people's over-eagerneſs to execute a ſcheme, makes them often overlook the only means

means of accompliſhing it however, chance at laſt furniſhed John with an opportunity not only of revenge, but of ſhewing the barbarity of his diſpoſition, in his mode of revenge: here again would my nerves give way, but the funk of the geneva keeps them as tight as a drum.

A caſk came, directed to John, with four hams in it, one for himſelf, and three for other people, to whom John was deſired to ſend them, but was impowered to chuſe which he liked beſt for himſelf. John choſe like a man of judgment; he choſe the heavieſt, by, at leaſt, ſix pounds, hung it up in the chimney-corner, and ſent the reſt according to order. John's maid (though ſhe had never procured a patent in her life) had rather

ther more experience in hams than even John himſelf, (though he was a man of univerſal knowledge); ſhe ſoon perceived, that the ham was too dry when it came, ſo would rather want moiſture than heat; having likewiſe a good noſe, ſhe ſmelt that it was very well ſmoaked with wood, and, therefore, needed none of John's ſulphureous ſea-coal ſmoke; on which ſhe replaced it in the caſk again, and buried it ſnug under ſtraw, to imbibe a little of the moſture of the cellar, rather than be dried to a ſtick, as John's patent-hunting head would have ordered it.

Two days after, John went into the cellar himſelf, to draw a pint of ſmall beer.—When John found he was either hungry or thirſty, he was never above helping himſelf.—John had

had walked very faſt from the houſe of a great man, where, although a ſqueeze by the hand is looked upon to ſtand for both meat and drink, yet John found himſelf bloody thirſty; he had juſt clapt his ſtone pint mug to his lips, when, unluckily, hitting his toe againſt the caſk, out jumped a whole ſhoal of rats, which ſurpriſed John ſo much, that, although he had valour enough for a man of his inches, eſpecially if you gave him time to collect all his valour into a lump; yet here the attack was ſo ſudden, and ſo unexpected, that his courage being ſcattered into different parts of his body, had no time to rally, and do him any ſervice at all; he, therefore, let both mug and ſmall-beer fall; and, as the ſailors ſay, tumbled up ſtairs in a hurry. Don't think the

worſe of his courage, my dear readers, though his retreat was a little precipitate; but the braveſt of our troops have been ſeized with a panic before now.

When John reached his ſhop-door, and ſaw people enough in the ſtreet that would be ready to aſſiſt him, if he called out murder, he made a bold ſtand at the threſhold; and, looking behind him, ſoon perceived the heat of the purſuit was over, as not one of the enemy appeared in ſight; he then had time to examine his wounds, which he found not dangerous, being only two broken ſhins, and a ſmall ſprain in his wriſt, all acquired by tumbling, inſtead of walking up ſtairs; two pieces of brown paper, dipt in brandy, were inſtantly applied

ed to the ſhins, and a yard of black ribbon to the wriſt; but, whilſt the ſmarting pain of the brandy affected John's feelings, he formed the bloodieſt ſcheme of revenge that ever entered into a chriſtian's heart or head; and, what is worſe, carried it into immediate execution: pain brought his courage from all quarters, and away the ſcattered particles marched to the heart, united in a compact body as large as a pin's head; he inſtantly provided himſelf with a piece of packthread and a gimblet, and, venturing down ſtairs, blew his noſe, to give them notice he was coming, he found they had taken the hint, and had left the field of battle; on which, John, not doubting but the ſmell of the ſtraw, which he ſuppoſed they had been ſucking, for the ſake of the

flavour

flavour the hams had left, would tempt them again, he carefully put the head on the cask, and supported it with a piece of wood, to which he tied his string, and carried the end of it through a hole he made in the door; then, turning the lock, put the key into his pocket.

CHAP. X.

Dreadful doings continued.

ALL night did this John lie awake, poring on his scheme of revenge; but I must do him the justice to think, that the direful part of the plot must have been conceived when the brandy on his shins was making him grin like an Afri-

can man-tyger;—elſe, in cold blood, I ſtill am of opinion, (notwithſtanding appearances) that he was too humane a man, to let ſuch a direful thought take poſſeſſion of his breaſt: but, be that as it may; by day-light he aroſe, and, ſtealing ſoftly down without his ſhoes, drew the fatal ſtring, and ſecured no leſs than forty priſoners.

Here was a *coup de main* for you! here was a quick recovery of his credit! Homer ſeems to think, the greateſt inſtance a man can give of his courage, is to head a choſen band in ambuſcade; but our hero not only planned an ambuſcade, but executed it alone, and took forty priſoners at a jerk.

Let then his precipitate retreat be for ever forgotten; let a veil be drawn over the involuntary ſlip of ſo great a man; and let no traces remain in your memory, that ſuch a degrading accident could poſſibly ever happen to the renowned John.

To ſhew my reader, I advance nothing about Homer and his ambuſcades, in this my authentic hiſtory of two-legged animals, I ſhall give you a literal tranſlation of that part of Achilles's ſpeech to Agamemnon, where he reproaches him for cowardice, by hinting, that he never had the courage to lie in ambuſh.

Before I indulge you with the quotation, it is neceſſary you ſhould underſtand, that the goddeſs of wiſ-

dom had that inſtant been paying a viſit to Achilles, to deſire him not to drub his general, for that would be a very bad example to future times; as ſhe plainly foreſaw, that if every cowardly general was liable to be drubbed, when he deſerved it, inſtead of bribing and pimping to be made generals, few great men would accept the poſt; and then the church would be overloaded with lack-learning quality; ſhe, therefore made him put up his tool of revenge, but left him his tongue at full liberty, which privilege the women, with great reaſon, have claimed ever ſince.

This ſame goddeſs of wiſdom, whoſe name is pretty well known in England, though ſhe herſelf hath not been amongſt us for ſeveral years,

after

after taking care to ſee Achilles ſheath his inſtrument of offence, gave him leave to call his general, rogue, raſcal, and ſon of a b——h, or what he pleaſed; of which letter of licence he took the advantage, tho' he had laid him on pretty thick before.—But I have no buſineſs with any part, except what gives a hint to an ambuſcade.—John's courage was ſhewn in an ambuſcade, and planned and executed (not by ſix ſhips alone, as Vernon did,) but by himſelf alone: —now Agamemnon was reproached for never daring to take a part in one.

But to the quotation.

" On this, the queen of wiſdom ſtrode
" Her * broomſtick, and away ſhe rode,
" But

*Broomſtick. By this, the ſagacious reader, may perceive, that the goddeſſes, in Homer's days,

"But left his gizzard ſmoaking hot,
"Like beef juſt taken out o'th' pot.
"By Jove," ſays he, "thou'rt always
"drunk,
"And always ſquabbling for a punk.
"Thou dog in face, with heart of deer,
"(The Lord forgive me, if I ſwear,)
"But blaſt my liver, pluck, and heart,
"If thou'rt a fighter worth a ——:
"When didſt thou e'er in ambuſh lie,
"Unleſs to nim a mutton pye;
"And there you're ſafe, becauſe you can
"Out-run the baker's ſhort-legg'd man.

You ſee, reader, that the burthen of the ſong, for courage, in Homer's days, conſiſted in forming an ambuſcade: I would have given the Greek lines, to ſhew the excellency of the tranſlation, but it would juſtly have expoſed me to the cenſure of my readers,

made uſe of the ſame hobby-horſe that our witches did in wiſe king Jemmy's days.

who

who might, with reaſon, have ſaid, I was tricking them, and filling my books with needleſs quotations; and I would have every body know, I ſcorn to put tricks either upon readers or travellers.

But, for the benefit of ſuch of my readers as are Grecians, and perhaps may chuſe to compare the tranſlation with the original, give me leave to ſay, that my quotation is from the firſt book of the Iliad;—if I was worth a Homer, I would tell them the page and line, but Mr. Square-eyes, the ſtaring pawn-broker, at the corner of ***'s court, has my Homer, and nineteen tip-top authors in pawn, for five ſhillings and three-pence.

CHAP. XI.

A dreadful ſcheme half executed.

POX take theſe quotations, ſay I, they are good for nothing but to miſlead people, and ſhew, that the writer is a man of reading;—if I know where to find John and his rats again, I'm a pickled oyſter.

Oh! now I have it.—John had juſt let the trap fall upon his priſoners, and was going to return for his ſhoes, but fearing the enemy might have ſome of the ſcholars of Archimedes amongſt them, who, by levers, or patent-ſcrews, might remove the cover, he boldly ventured barefoot into the cellar,

cellar, and inſtantly clapped a large earthen pan on the top of the barrel; then, running up for his ſhoes, brought down a half hundred weight, to ſtand centinel over the enemy, when the pan might be wanted, either to waſh his feet, or put broth into, being on both occaſions a very proper utenſil; at the ſame time, he gave ſtrict orders to Betty, that nothing upon that barrel ſhould be touched: but he did not let the corner of a reaſon eſcape his lips, leſt the ſtrange barbarity of the ſcheme ſhould ſhock the tender heart of the maid, eſpecially as ſhe had never felt the ſmart of brandy on broken ſhins. But, to own the truth, though I bluſh to do it, his real deſign was, to reduce them to ſuch ſtraits by famine, that they ſhould eat one another up;

and

and as the laſt ſurviving rat would not be able to eat up himſelf, he deſigned to gibbet him, for an example to all maroders.

In conſequence of this moſt barbarous, moſt dreadful, moſt aſtoniſhing, moſt ſhocking, moſt inhuman, and moſt bloody reſolution, the vigilant hero ſurveyed the out-works of his wooden caſtle ten times a day, with a lighted candle, to try if any of their pioneers were making their way through the walls, in which caſe he deſigned to pour a quantity of lighted matches into the ſtraw, and conſign the whole regiment of long-tails to fire and brimſtone; but no ſhadow of eſcape appearing, he continued his firſt dreadful plan of letting them eat one another. In about three weeks,

or

or a month's time, when he thought there would not be the claw of a rat left, except the ſurvivor, he boldly opened the lid; but making a great noiſe when he took the pan and the half hundred weight off, the whole family within, were ſo much upon their guard, that, the moment day-light appeared, out they all jumped helter-ſkelter, with ten times the precipitation they did before; of conſequence, this attack ſeemed to him ten times fiercer than the former; who would wonder then, if his courage again failed him; I mean, that he had not time to rally its ſcattered atoms, to come to his aſſiſtance; he therefore attempted the ſtairs with the ſame tumble-up velocity he did before, but remembering his ſhins, which were hardly ſkined over, he kept his

body

body ſo upright, that his head ſtruck a beam with ſuch force, that it ſent him back again into the thick of the engagement in ſpite of his teeth, where he lay motionleſs on the ground for above a minute: had the enemy been actuated by the ſame ſpirit of revenge as himſelf, had the rats been half as bad chriſtians as John, they might have made him ſeverely repent his direful ſchemes; but they were very well ſatisfied with putting their adverſary to flight; and every rat had made the beſt of its way to ſome purling ſtream, to quench his thirſt; for though their caſtle was ſtored with plenty of proviſions, yet thoſe proviſions being rather ſalt, they began to be diſtreſs'd for want of water; but they made the beſt of a bad market, which juſtifies an obſervation of mine,

mine, that every animal, bears its wants with more philoſophy than man.

When John came to himſelf, and found that the rats had not eaten him, which his conſcience ſuggeſted they ought to have done, inſtead of feeling the leaſt compunction for his moſt inhuman deſigns on ſo generous an enemy, he began to conſider which way this deep laid ſcheme of his had failed. Whenever John began to conſider of ways and means, his nails were of great uſe in making a grating kind of a noiſe on the outſide of his ſcull, whereby his brains had notice, that John wanted their aſſiſtance: John had gotten his wigg removed, in order to begin the operation, when he found the auxiliary friend

friend to the rats, the beam, had ſoftened his crown for him in ſuch a manner, that it could not bear the touch of a nail; finding, therefore, it would be in vain to attempt to ſcratch a thought up, he (without thinking) fell to kicking the barrel, to ſend the dead rats about their buſineſs after the live ones; for a quantity of dead ones he was ſure there muſt be; but none of them chuſing to ſtir, he turned the barrel upſide down, to ſpy how many of them lay at the bottom of the ſtraw, where lo! inſtead of dead rats, he found the bone of a ham, with about two pound of fleſh left; aſtoniſhed at the bone of a ham, very near picked, being in his houſe, when he had no ſhare in picking it, he directly bawls out, "Betty! where is our ham?"

"In

"In the barrel," anſwers Betty, "that you took ſo much care on." "The devil fetch you and the bar-"rel both," ſays John. "I won't be "devil-fetch'd, nor barrelled neither, "by you, nor any maſter in Eng-"land," replies Betty; and down ſhe came to face him. John who, on any haſty word before, always look-ed on Betty's anſwer as a ſignal for an engagement he was no way qualified to cut any figure in, therefore prudent-ly declined a rejoinder, and ſo the matter ended; but the ſmart of his broken head, which he now began to feel, joined to his uncured ſhins, and, above all, the loſs of his ham, made the man rather deſperate; (John lov-ed ſmok'd ham); he, therefore, ven-tured on what he had never done be-fore, I mean a rejoinder, which brought

brought on a regular engagement, the conſequence of which was, that John was routed horſe, foot, and dragoons, and he and his ham-bone obliged to mount up ſtairs almoſt as nimbly as if the rats had been at his heels.

CHAP. XII.

A ſmall interruption.

THE devil fetch this fellow, ſays a grave-looking gentleman, (who I take to be a preſbyterian parſon) here have I loſt my time in peruſing three volumes and a half, and, except one ſtory, (and that vilely told) of a poor broken-hearted young woman, the duce of any

any thing is there in his books, but cocks and hens, and f—s, and hobby horſes, and cliſter-pipes, and broken guitars, with patent corkſcrews, ham-bones, and an army of rats; a pretty collection of ſubjects truly, to carry a reader through four volumes! Had the author the ſpirit of a Rabelais, or the fire of a Triſtram, he might go through four and forty volumes, without a grain of connection, and people would follow him; but, with ſuch a head as his, it won't do, unleſs he will let us have a good long ſtory well worked up, of ſome pretty innocent virgin, that, at laſt, in ſpite of all her prayers, tears, and intreaties, gets fairly raviſhed; there he may eaſily keep up the reader's attention, and make the poor thing

full amends, by her raviſher's liking her ſo well, as to marry her.

Why, you ſanctified, goatified rogue, and ſo you would ſink all the diſtreſs, that the tender young creature muſt be in, to enjoy, in idea, the vigour and luſt that muſt actuate the raviſher at that critical moment! O black, black, what doſt thou cover!

But, doctor, (I call every man in black, doctor, that ſtrokes his chin with his fingers and thumb, before he ſpeaks) how came you to introduce the devil, the very ſecond word you ſpoke; let me adviſe you, never to mention him again, but when you are in the pulpit;—there he gains you great reſpect, becauſe you can kick him about as you pleaſe; you

can either bind him in chains, or ſend him roaring up and down the world, to the great terror and diſmay of the peaceable half of his majeſty's liege ſubjects; I ſay the peaceable half, for the other half, I fear, neither mind the devil nor you.

But doctor? you ſeem to think none of my ſubjects would do for a text for you to ſpin a ſermon out of. —How can I help that, my dear doctor; though I can find texts, I can't find brains for every reader:—I am no dealer in calves heads; and, if I was, I have not gotten the art of tranſuſing the brains from one calf's ſcull into another; therefore, doctor, if you can't find brains for yourſelf, e'en make a ſhift, as you have done all along, without them.

I have heard men of genius ſay, that the minuteſt animalcule on earth, is a large ſubject to expatiate upon, and ſhew the amazing power of the wonderful hand that formed it:—how great a ſubject then muſt the animal be, that you mention with ſo much contempt, I mean the rat.—To me, the rat-catcher himſelf doth not afford more room for ſpeculation on the wonderful properties the firſt mover has diſperſed through all the creation, than this cunning reflecting animal doth. But nothing leſs than the leviathan, or a Greenland whale, is a ſubject, I ſuppoſe, large enough for you: take the whale for your text, doctor; if it proves a ſpermaceti one, I have no objection to its finding candles for your whole congregation,

who

who have been in the dark long enough.

If you had told me civilly, doctor, that you did not like the company of rats, for fear you ſhould carry the ſcent with you to any of the good houſes where you take it in turn, the year round, to cool their victuals by ſaying a long grace for them before dinner, I would not have introduced a ſingle quadruped; becauſe I know how dangerous it is for any of the profound admirers of a black coat to begin to ſmell a rat; for the good man, after ſuch an accident, loſes ground daily.

I therefore again repeat it, that, if you had aſked me civilly, I ſhould have done the civil thing; but, ſince

you aſſumed ſo dogmatical an air, and called my thirty or forty rats an army, in my next chapter I ſhall introduce a real army of Scotch rats; ſo get out of their way as faſt as you can: if they have not eaten up the Scotch preſbyterian parſons, it is becauſe they favour their countrymen; but you would ſtand no more chance of eſcaping, than a roaſted pig would, when ſet between yourſelf and a churchwarden.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIII.

More rats.

JOHN the Ratcatcher, after this third defeat, found the field of battle would be too hot for him, for an hour at leaſt, ſo putting his ham-bone carefully into a drawer in the ſhop, he took his hat, and away he went to a coffee-houſe, to comfort himſelf with a diſh of coffee.—I was ſnug in John's pocket.

We were no ſooner ſeated, but a gentleman in the next box, concluded a ſentence with the word *Scotland.*

"Now you talk of Scotland," ſays his companion, "I can't help "owning, that I am not a little "puzzled about a particular qualifi- "cation their rats are endowed with; "I don't mean their two-legg'd rats, "which have lately come in ſuch "ſwarms to eat us out of houſe and "harbour; we had ſuch ſorts of rats "as thoſe enough of our own breed, "in every houſe before, not except- "ing the houſe of l—, the houſe of "c———, the India-houſe, the "ſouth-ſea houſe, the cuſtom-houſe, "the trinity-houſe, and even the "houſe of G—d;—all theſe rats had "natural inſtinct enough, to run "from a falling houſe, long before "the Scots came to teach them that "trick: but it is their real four- "legged rats, that has puzzled all

"my

" my philoſophy, I ſhould be glad
" you could help me out.

The moment that the word *rat* was mentioned, John, in hopes of hearing of ſome bold fellow being vanquiſhed by rats, as well as himſelf, inſtantly pricked up a pair of ears, that would not have diſgraced her majeſty's aſs, for ſize and dappled ſpots, and liſtened attentively, when the gentleman went on as follows:

" The writer of a Tour thro' Scot-
" land, ſays, the walls of the houſes
" of Inverneſs are built with large
" round ſtones, the outſides of which
" are filled up with mortar, thrown
" by the hand againſt them, in the
" ſame manner that boys pelt each
" other with dirt, but the inſides are
" quite

" quite rough, which leaves excellent
" places for neſts for rats to breed in,
" and there they do breed in amazing
" quantities. In a good year, the
" ground about Inverneſs grows corn
" enough to feed the inhabitants;
" but in a ſcarce year they are half
" famiſhed; at ſuch a time as this,
" when, if a ſingle crumb falls to the
" ground, there are three or four
" people ready to lick it up, what
" muſt become of theſe poor devils,
" the rats, think you? They don't
" care to eat one another; for a
" Scotch man, or a Scotch rat, would
" eat all the world up, before they
" would touch themſelves; and theſe
" poor rats cannot keep life and ſoul
" together as the Greenland bears
" do, by ſucking their paws, becauſe
" the bears take care to get ſo fat in
ſummer,

" ſummer, that they have a rare ſtock
" to ſuck on in winter; but, in Scot-
" land, even in the moſt plentiful
" year, nothing can get fat there, not
" even their ſheep, which is the rea-
" ſon the parchment-makers give ſo
" good a price for Scotch ſkins, be-
" cauſe they have no trouble in ex-
" tracting the greaſe; therefore the
" paw-ſucking trade won't do for
" thoſe Scotch rats; and, if they at-
" tempt to travel ſouthward, where
" they all know the way, not one
" could eſcape being picked up by
" the half-ſtarved dogs and cats.
" Luckily for this diſtreſſed genera-
" tion, the Scots never make uſe of
" either a curry comb, or a main
" comb. " If they did," ſays the gen-
tleman, " What the duce have the
" rats to do with that; they don't

" want

" their hides currying ſurely; and as
" for their tails and manes, there is
" not a ſingle hair on them to want
" combing; but their horſes have
" tails and manes.—" granted," ſays
the gentleman; " and what then?
" What then!" ſays the firſt
ſpeaker: " if you won't interrupt
" me, but let me go on, I'll tell you,
" what then. It is no hard matter for
" a man of any genius to conceive,
" that if a horſe's main or tail is ne-
" ver touched with a comb, it will
" naturally grow thick, and get mat-
" ted together; this is really the caſe
" with the Scotch carriers hobbies,
" and the rats take the advantage of
" it. Some five or ſix, or more, bu-
" ry themſelves in the tail and main
" of every carrier's hobby that is tra-
" velling ſouthward, by which means

" they

" they not only get a ſafe, but a
" warm conveyance into a better cli-
" mate. When they arrive ten or a
" dozen miles on this ſide the
" Tweed, out they jump, and make
" their quarters good, in a ſtrange
" country, with as much eaſe as their
" two-legg'd relations do all the
" world over. Now what puzzles me
" the moſt of all is this; although I
" have ſome idea that a rat, when he
" travels on foot, and, of conſe-
" quence, can go what way he
" pleaſes, may noſe out his way to a
" warmer climate, yet I can't con-
" ceive who informs them, whether
" the horſes are going north or ſouth;
" although it is certain, they never
" make a miſtake; for my old gar-
" dener, who was a Highland carrier
" ſeveral years, and has brought as

" much

" much ſmuggled tobacco into Eng-
" land, as would cover all the road, a
" foot deep, from London to Johney
" Grot's houſe, declares, that he has
" ſeen them leap out of the manes
" and tails of his runts by dozens and
" ſcores, when he got into England ;
" yet, in going north, he never ſo
" much as ſaw or heard of one.——
" Pray, which way can a reaſoning
" man account for this phenome-
" non ?"

" As for Phill Harneman," ſays the liſtening friend, (who I found was an attorney), " as he is
" your gardener, and has been a
" Scotch carrier, if you'll order him
" to attend me at my chambers, to let
" me interrogate him, I'll ſoon draw
" the whole truth out of him, and
" then I ſhall be able to give you ſuch

" an

" an account, as I defy even a maſ-
" ter in chancery to find fault with:
" but to me, at preſent, it appears,
" that common ſenſe teaches theſe
" four-legg'd ſagacious creatures, as
" well as the two-legg'd ones, that
" no country upon earth can be
" worſe than the place they leave; I
" ſpeak from the authority of Johney
" M'Bellclapper, my ſmith; he is a
" ſenſible fellow, as moſt of them
" are, for the rogues, in general,
" bring ſharp intellects from the freez-
" ing north. Johney came from that
" very part of the country where your
" rats firſt drew breath; and I have
" heard him ſay, that he has ſeen ſe-
" veral, what they call, good years,
" in that country: (I was curious to
" know what they called a good year.)
" A good year, ſays Johney, ſcratch-
" ing—

" ing"—"Hold," ſays his friend, " I'll " have no ſcratching, when a Scotch- " man tells a ſtory; I don't think na- " tional reflections genteel; my Eng- " liſh Johney might ſcratch as long as " he pleaſed, becauſe Engliſhmen on- " ly ſcratch in common with all the " nations in the world, (the nations " of African and American monkeys " and baboons not excepted), but to " mention ſcratching and a Scotch- " man together, is wrong, and might " draw a man, leſs fortified with law " than yourſelf, into a ſcrape; there- " fore, if you pleaſe, let me hear " what Johney M'Bellclapper ſaid, " without ſcratching." " To oblige " you, I will," ſays the attorney; " I " always follow inſtructions: my " maſter imparted that great ſecret " to me, in the laſt week of my laſt " year's clerkſhip." " Neddy," ſays

" he,

" he, ſhaking me by the hand, " I wiſh
" you well; and, to ſhew it, I'll give
" you a piece of advice, always take
" care to follow inſtructions;—if you
" fail, you then lay the blame on the
" thick heads of your counſel;—you
" can do them no harm, for moſt of
" their heads would bear St. Paul's
" cupola:—but if you ſucceed, then
" take the merit to yourſelf, by prov-
" ing that you ſtated the caſe ſo
" clear, that they could not give any
" other opinion."—Now this rule I
" always follow, and have, in ſundry
" and divers caſes, felt the good ef-
" fects of it, and ſhall never forget
" my maſter for his kindneſs."
" But," ſays the firſt ſpeaker, " I am
" afraid you have forgot Johney
" M'Bellclapper." " Not I, in-
" deed," replies the limb of the law,

" he is the main point; and I always
" keep the main point in view, tho'
" I often break off, and fill twenty
" ſheets of ſtamped paper with no-
" thing at all, yet I return with as
" much eaſe to the main ſubject, as
" I do now to Johney M'Bellclap-
" per."

" What I call a good year," ſays
" Johney, (without ſcratching)——
" Now do I plainly foreſee, that this
" ſtory will be but a flat one, if you
" won't let Johney ſcratch; becauſe
" his ſcratching was ſo different from
" other people's, that half the ſpirit
" of the ſtory lay in his manner of
" ſcratching it out.—A lawyer, or a
" juſtice of peace ſcratches the crown
" of his head as he talks; a phyſici-
" an ſcratches his forehead; a muſi-

" cian ſcratches his elbow; a finical
" Cockney ſcratches his cheek; a tay-
" lor ſcratches his collar; a collector
" on the high road, ſcratches under
" his left ear; a courtier ſcratches his
" left palm; and my Lord Brute
" ſcratches his a——: but Johney's
" method of ſcratching was different
" from all theſe; Johney ſcratched
" his words out of his finger ends;
" not the ends where the nails grow,
" but the upper ends that grow to
" the knuckles; at the ſides of thoſe
" ends, all the time Johney was
" ſpeaking, did he ſcratch with ſuch
" a glee, that I always thought they
" added double ſpirit to his words:
" but, I hope, you'll give me leave to
" ſcratch whilſt I tell it, though you
" won't let me ſay that Johney was
" ſcratching;" " No nor that nei-

" ther,

"ther," ſays the gentleman: "mi-
"micking the foible of any nation
"may be dangerous, eſpecially, if
"any iraſcible Scotchman ſhould be
"in ſight." At this he caſt an arch ſide glance upon my owner John, who, to do him juſtice, had a true Caledonian aſpect, and looked as ſharp and as fierce as if the north wind had been his dry nurſe.

The attorney's not being able to tell the ſtory his own way, prevented me from hearing Johney M'Bell-clapper's account of a good year in that country; for John the Ratcatcher, not liking the ſly leer of the gentleman, and being in no humour for another fray, or even an altercation, having ſucceeded ſo indifferently in his laſt trials of ſkill that way, he, therefore,

therefore, paid his three pence for his diſh of coffee, and was out of the room before I was ſenſible he had left his ſeat, and was ſtill liſtening for Mr. Bailbond's account of this good year; when, looking about me, I found John and myſelf in the Park, which he quite ſurrounded, in a gentle trot of about five miles an hour, to cool himſelf: however, the loſs of Johney M'Bellclapper's ſtory ſhall be no loſs to my reader; becauſe I have reaſon to think it is much the ſame that I have heard ſince, from ſeveral gentlemen of credit and veracity; and they tell you, that what the inhabitants call a good year, is when they have no more than three hundred days rain, and the other ſixty five days, moderate bad weather.

Now, reader, if you was a rat, would you leave this country or not?

A female voice replies, I would, Sir, if I pleaſed; and if I pleaſed, I would not.

Madam, I am anſwered.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Shewing as how John the Ratcatcher carried the author to the q—'s houſe, and as how the k—g aſked John, what made him walk ſo ſtiff, and make ſuch wry faces? and as how John told the k—g, he broke his head and ſhins, by tumbling down ſtairs, inſtead of tumbling up; which ſheweth, that little rogues, as well as great ones, dare tell lies to kings.

JOHN having made up matters with Betty, which he always did before he went to ſleep, being a true old Chriſtian, marched up to bed, where he reſted better than I ſhould with two uncured ſhins, and a freſh

broken head, and the loſs of a fine ſmoaked ham: the next morning John, having ſome new nick-nacks to ſhew his majeſty, or her majeſty, or his royal highneſs the prince of Wales, or the biſhop, or ſome body or other belonging to the family, took me along with him to the q——'s houſe. The q——'s houſe! ſays one of my readers! come, don't put orator Henley upon us, and tell us over again, in ten thouſand flat words, what you have done tolerably well in the title to your chapter in fifty; and there you have carried your readers to the q—'s houſe already.

Courteous reader, I thank you; if you had not ſpoke, I ſhould never have minded what a blunder I committed, by fairly ending my chapter, before

before I begun it; but, as there's no great harm done yet, I'll proceed to another.

CHAP. XV.

The author parts from John.

WHETHER John got a patent to ſell moonſhine, or a real patent-place (as ſeveral before him have done) for telling lies, I won't ſay; but he returned home again with me ſtill in his pocket.

John no ſooner entered his ſhop, but he began to throw up his noſe, and ſnuff the wind, like a hound that thinks he ſcents the diſtant prey.—John himſelf is a very ſagacious hound,

hound, and enjoys all his ſenſes in as high perfection as any four-legg'd hound in England, except the ſenſe of ſmelling, and there indeed no two-legg'd dog ever pretended to vie with the four-legg'd race; however, I will venture to ſay, that John's ſenſe of ſmelling exceeded moſt two-legg'd hounds; in conſequence of which, this qualification directed him immediately to a drawer, where he unkennelled his ham-bone;—John had forgot it, which made him ſleep ſo well;—but, on ſight of it,——

"Infandum Regina jubes renovare dolorem."

——you never beheld ſuch a face as John made;—grief for the loſs of the ham, and revenge againſt the rats, joined to cook up ſuch a ſtrange mixture in his countenance, that he look-

ed

ed exactly like the ſign of the tyger: after ſtanding in this poſture long enough to have made twenty women with child miſcarry, if they had been ſo unfortunate as to have entered the ſhop, John's philoſophy at laſt came to his aid, and ſoftened his features into ſomething reſembling a human being; he then gave over ſtaring at the bone, with both eyes fixt, like Hamlet on the Ghoſt, and began to ſurvey the fleſhy part with great attention, to try to make the beſt of a bad market. He had forgot to provide knives for his late long-tail'd gueſts, and, therefore, ought not to have expected they would cut it very ſmooth with their teeth; at leaſt, if he did expect it, he was miſtaken, for they had left it full of little cells finiſhed in the ruſtic ſtile. After turning it over

and

and over, and over again, John called for a ſpoon, and fell to making ſmooth the inſide of the cells, which he did as dexterouſly, as if he had been poliſhing a ſilver pint mug; then, giving Betty charge to make as much pea-ſoup of it as would laſt two days, he bolted out of the door, and walked away in as great a hurry as if he had been a man-midwife.

The reaſon of John's ſudden and haſty perambulation, I could not devife; I kept pondering and pondering, and knocking along with John's pocket-book againſt his watch-chain, but could form no kind of gueſs what John was about; at laſt he ſtopped at the great-wigg'd Mr. Aſſafet's, the druggiſt; the man and the wig were both at home; the wig

and

and the man I mean; I aſk the wig pardon, for, though the man was no ſmall one, yet the wig was the largeſt half. John, with a face of conſequence, deſired to ſpeak to him; they all three withdrew into a ſmall counting-houſe, juſt big enough to hold them.

All three! ſays one of my readers, a writing-maſter, and teacher of accompts; how the pox ſhould John and the druggiſt make three?

How dare you, you ſnuffling rogue, mention the word *pox*, with that noſe of yours? I thought you had got your belly full of it; but ſome people are ſuch fools, they will be eternally putting company in mind of what they ought moſt carefully to

conceal; did not I mention the druggiſt's wig, the druggiſt himſelf, and John? Now as the druggiſt did not leave his wig in the ſhop, ſure the wig, the druggiſt, and John muſt make three. If you work the queſtion by the golden rule, and prove it by practice, you'll find I am right.

John ſpoke ſo low at firſt, that I did not hear a word; only I obſerved John ſhook his head: John's ſhake was followed by a ſhake of the great wig, which threw an ounce of powder into John's eyes, and ſet him a ſneezing: this put John upon his guard, not to whiſper any more, becauſe it brought both his noſe and his eyes into danger; he, therefore, ſpoke louder,

er, by which means I heard the consultation.

O John, John! who could have suspected a man, whose fire seems to have all mounted up into his face, could retain in his heart such unquenchable flames of revenge.

This consultation was about these poor animals, the rats: rats-bane was the subject that had shaken the powder out of the Busby into John's eyes. "I must have it," says John, "so well mixed up, that it will de-"ceive them." "You shall," says the wearer of the great wig; "if I "don't manage them for you, say "there is no virtue in my drugs, and "that's a word if king George him-"self

"ſelf was to ſay, I would bring an "action againſt him."

The deadly potion being prepared, John kicked me and his pocket-book home again, with the ſame ſpeed he went. His waiſtcoat laps happened to be very long, which made us ſwing backward and forward like boys in a merry-totter.—We did not like it, becauſe, at every return, our rumps came bump againſt the ſeals on John's watch-chain, of which, true toyman-like, he wore a rare number to encourage the faſhion: but John's gizzard was too hot to let him mind any thing, except his revenge; therefore, the moment he got home, notwithſtanding the ſtruggles he had undergone, *per varios caſus, et per tot diſcrimine rerum*, he, with an intrepidity

ty ſcarce to be credited, ventured directly down into the cellar, but making, like a generous Engliſhman, noiſe and buſtle enough to put his enemies on their guard, and give them time to make themſelves ready either for offence or defence, or to run away. He then opened the door, and drawing a double jug of ſmall beer, that no body might have occaſion to go in, and partake of this rat feaſt, he ſcattered his dead-doing balls all over the cellar, and ſecured the key in his pocket. The next day he drew ſmall beer himſelf, and the ſucceeding two or three days, but not a rat would touch his proviſions; he had pinched them ſo for drink the laſt feaſt he gave them, that the duce a one would taſte his cookery; and, when I left him, not a ſingle ball was touched.

Finding John ſo bloody a minded man, I can't ſay I felt ſo much regret at parting as I expected, though in every thing elſe but this ſanguinary turn, he was really a good ſort of a man; a better paymaſter never exiſted; an inſtance of which he gave on parting with me. An ivory turner brought him a large parcel of nick-nacks:—"I have added theſe to the "other bill," ſays the man, "and they "both together make eighteen "pounds ten." "Very well," ſays John, "I ſuppoſe you want money." "No, maſter," ſays the man, "I "have no right to aſk it before my "time." "But," ſays John, "will "it do you any harm before your "time?" "A great deal of good, "maſter," ſays the man: upon which he gave him me. The man was going

going to run home like lightning, for thirty ſhillings in change, but John bid him not trouble himſelf to come on purpoſe, but leave it any time buſineſs brought him that way.

Here's a John for you! Is it not pitiful? wondrous pitiful? that ſuch a heart as John's, ſhould be tinctured with cruelty.

Who would not laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if John himſelf is he?

CHAP. XVI.

Pull baker, pull devil.

THE laſt chapter left me in the hands of the ivory-turner, but you won't find me there; the ivory-turner paid me directly to a dealer in elephant's teeth; but you won't find me there neither: the elephant tooth-merchant paid me to a Jew, for old cloaths to ſend to the coaſt: but you ſhan't find me there neither; no more pork-eating rogues will I give any account of: the ſons of circumciſion are ſuch humdrum deſigning dogs, that, except a young buck, now and then, whoſe mother has been familiar with with a Chriſtian, leaps over the pails, and breaks looſe from them, the whole

twelve

twelve tribes, if you could recover the long-loſt ten, would hardly furniſh ſuch a pen as mine with a decent chapter; too many of their roguiſh fornicating tricks are recorded in the Bible; but hang me if they ſhall contaminate a ſingle page of my edifying books again.—Let them turn Chriſtians; there's no objection to their being rogues if they do; and then, when pork is not forbid, they won't eat a tenth part they do at preſent; by which means the Chriſtian poor, may come in for a raſher or a ſteak, becauſe the price muſt fall.

Where, in Gad's name, muſt we find you, ſays beau Jemmy-boots, if you will appear in the hands of neither Jew nor Chriſtian.

Patience, my dainty friend, and you ſhall find me;—but not in the hands of either Chriſtian, Jew, Pagan, or Turk.

Blood and oons! ſay a train-band captain, where can this fellow have hid himſelf?—Sure the devil has not got him!

No, captain, ſays I, the devil has not; but the devil's own couſin has: a fellow that would trample on the crucifix for a ſtiver, would crucify a Jew for a doit, flay a Pagan alive for a ſchilling, impale a Turk for a ducat, and burn all the world for a cag of pickled herrings:—in ſhort, I am now ſweating in the inner pocket of the ſixth pair of breeches of a Dutchman; and although half of my countrymen

trymen are at preſent freezing to death, yet am I ſtewing like a race-horſe-rider between two feather-beds; and, as for air, I might as well be in the black-hole at Calcutta. For the little chance I have of any particles being able to penetrate through mynheer's five pair of breeches, to reach the ſixth, is prevented by his wearing his hand in the outward pocket, exactly over me; ſo that a rat in an air-pump, has an elegant life to mine. I wiſh the bullock-mouth'd Jew, that paid me to this Mynheer Donder und Blaxem, was to ſtand up to the neck in the river Jordan till I fetch him out; but lo! a dawn of hope appears; five pair of the Dutchman's breeches are opened, to give his hand leave to draw me out.—What's the matter? by all that's

wicked! a bartering bargain going forward, betwixt a Yorkſhireman, and a Dutchman. The clothier has made out a bill of parcels for forty pounds, and the Dutchman is tempting him with me, to give a receipt in full.—Why, you unconſcionable ſon of a butter-box, are you not aſhamed to beat a poor clothier down half in half? "Saeramentum," ſays the Dutchman. "Upon my ſalvation," ſays the clothier; now it is plain, that one minded his *ſacramentum* as little as the other did his *ſalvation*; for they kept kicking the two words about like two foot-balls; this is pull baker pull devil! thinks I, with a witneſs; however, *ſacramentum* died harder than *ſalvation*, and I was juſt returning into the Dutchman's ſtew-pan again, when Yorkſhire gave it up: he wrote a receipt in full, and took me; and the Dutch-

man

man got a porter, and marched off, with the goods and the ſatisfaction of having bit Yorkſhire out of twenty pounds: but mynheer had not been far North enough for a Yorkſhireman; for I quickly underſtood, that Nicholas Nopewell, the clothier, had only given ſeven pound ten for this parcel of worm-eaten cloth, and laid out about thirty ſhillings more in fine-drawing the holes for the firſt half dozen yards in each piece; ſo that although mynheer hugged himſelf, with the imagination of biting the Yorkſhireman out of twenty pounds, the Yorkſhireman was very ſure he had bit the Dutchman out of eleven pounds at leaſt; and at ſo cheap a rate as only pawning his ſalvation, which he could not have done at any pawn-broker's in town for eleven pence.

CHAP. XVII.

Nothing got by impertinent interruptions.

MISS Jefferſon was the daughter of——Of who? ſays a voice behind me; and pray where does ſhe come from? we never heard a word of her in either your firſt, ſecond, or third volumes; and yet you begin to ſpeak of her as if ſhe was an old aquaintance? What's that to you, who ſhe is, ſays I cooly: can't I begin a ſtory in the middle, proceed to the end of it, and end it with the beginning, as ſeveral great writers have done; but I muſt be interrupted by you? Upon this I turned about; when, finding it was his mock-divinityſhip,

tyſhip, the preſbyterian parſon, that I thought my Scotch rats had ſent off with a rattle. I could not help being a little nettled; two interruptions from one quarter was too much to bear with Chriſtian patience. You gauger, ſays I, of your hearers porridge-pots; you meaſurer of the ſquare inches in their rumps of beef, and ſolid inches in their ſuet puddings; you carver of the thirtieth of January calf's head, I thought my rats had ſent your hypocritical face far enough off, and that by this time you was regaling with ſome good ſhe-creature of your pious flock, and making her turn up the white of her eyes; but, ſince your aſſurance will ſtay, Miſs Jefferſon ſhan't make her appearance either this chapter or the next; and, if you are not gone by that

that time, I ſhall begin to let a ſmall ſtory or two of you out of my budget; for I happened to be in the pocket of the grocer's wife, all the time you was telling her, you could not help comparing her breaſts to Solomon's deſcription of the church; and, piouſly taking off the good creature's handkerchief, to try if the deſcription anſwered; then, by degrees, you began to compare other parts, till— O Lord, O Lord! what will this world come to at laſt?

The parſon's gone, and with a flea in his ear too: I was not ſo angry with the canting rogue neither, as I ſeemed to be: fleſh is frail, and nature is nature, whether dreſt in a black coat, a red coat, a white coat, a blue coat, or any other colour the wit of

man

man can invent. The grocer's wife was young and tempting, and her huſband a very drunken fellow; a ſtrong temptation this, even for a churchman, much more for a diſſenting rogue: the devil lay cloſe at him, to be ſure: but, if he had a mind to ſhake hands with the cloven-footed gentleman, for half an hour, or ſo, he ſhould not have introduced him through the church. Could not he have told the good woman, that he had a mind, for variety's ſake, to be wicked an hour or ſo; then, if ſhe gave her conſent, the ſin would be half her own: but to let her keep praying, and turning up the whites of her eyes all the time, as if ſhe was doing a godly action, whilſt he knew the devil was cloſe at both their elbows, is abominable, and double the ſin on his

ſide;

ſide, but let him anſwer for it, reader; you and I have nothing to ſay to it; we ſhall have ſins in plenty of our own to anſwer for, if we live long enough.

What between this canting knave, and the grocer's wife, who is a handſome charming piece of fleſh and blood, I am in no cue for telling ſo affecting a ſtory as Miſs Jefferſon's; beſides, it does not come in turn, for, by the Yorkſhire clothier, I was paid to a wool-ſtapler; he paid me to a long-legg'd hoſier; the hoſier paid me to a Nottingham weaver; the weaver changed me with the landlord, at the Bull in Biſhopſgate-ſtreet; the landlord paid me to the one-eyed Norwich warehouſe-keeper; from him I went to a gingerbread-baker,

for

for gingerbread ſent by the waggon into the country. By Timothy Treacleheard the gingerbread-baker, I was paid to Mrs. Coppernoſe, a rich brazier's widow, for rent: all this was performed in leſs than three hours.

The duce fetch theſe men of buſineſs, ſays I to myſelf, they give very little reſt, either to money or bank-notes. I now no longer wonder at the ſmooth faces of guineas, or the ragged coats of my brethren.

If I am not as much jaded with following myſelf through this confounded three-hours jaunt, as an Hounſlow poſt-horſe when he reaches Hyde-park-Corner, I'll give you leave to call me a rhinoceros; but, if I end the

the chapter, I ſhall have time to take a little breath, before I begin another:—ſo here endeth the ſeventeenth chapter.

CHAP. XVIII.

Edifying converſation.

MRS. Coppernoſe, in order to live genteel, and keep good company, has forſaken the city, and taken a houſe in the back ſettlements about Portman ſquare, where ſhe found a ſet of widows that had left the city on the ſame plan: ſo, to complete their ſcheme of keeping genteel company, they herd together. There is Mrs. Remnant, the rich taylor's widow; Mrs. Vallon, the upholdſterer's widow; Mrs. Flambeau, the

the wax-chandler's widow; Mrs. Shortpint, the vintner's widow; and Miſs Wryjaws, an old maid, daughter to a rich trunk-maker, who had left her a large fortune, but ſtill it proved too ſmall to get her a huſband, becauſe her mind was more crooked than her chin: there was likewiſe a Mrs. Flanagrannellegan, the widow of an Iriſh officer, that was killed in Ethiopia, where the uſe of pen and ink being unknown, ſhe never could get a certificate of his death; and ſome people think her wedding was conſummated in the ſame country, becauſe ſhe never could get a certificate of her marriage: this widow contracted ſo great a friendſhip for Miſs Wryjaws, that ſhe ſent over to Ireland for her own brother, Sir Patrick M'Bull, to come and help

her to diſpoſe of the odious title of old maid; and when I ſaw them, the treaty of marriage was pretty far advanced; neither her crooked chin, nor her back, which was ſo civil as to keep her chin in countenance, being any objection to our good-natured Iriſhman.

I was paid to this Mrs. Coppernoſe the very day that all theſe agreeable people met at her houſe: the converſation at firſt was general; at laſt it turned on drinking. "By Ja-"ſus," ſays Sir Patrick, "we never "mind in my country, if a man "drinks till he can't ſtand, let him "but take care to walk ſoberly home: "but to ſee a drunken man reel in the "ſtreets, is very beaſtly."—"Would "it not be more ſo, to ſee a ſober man

" man reel?" ſays Mrs. Shortpint.
" No, by Jaſus," replies my friend Teague:—" but you are out there,
" dear joy; for a ſober man may get
" drunk two or three times a day,
" and nobody take any notice of it."
I was really as much pleaſed with the Boglander's ſpeech as his figure: he had a true potatoe face, as round as a hoop, and as flat as a trencher, on which nature, who is uniform in all her works, had clap'd the noſe of a Dutch maſtiff.—As he was juſt catched in the woods, and came over before they had time to cut his tail off, you need not wonder that he wore a rare long one. On his arrival in town, his ſiſter had taken him to Monmouth-ſtreet, and fitted him with an embroidered jacket; I would have called it a coat, if it had reach-

ed half way down his thighs; but, as it did not, it muſt be contented with the name of jacket: but his ſiſter, the widow, choſe it, becauſe it ſhewed his fine thick legs and thighs to great advantage:—her idea of beauty conſiſting in thickneſs. Her huſband, the captain, before he went to the Ethiopian wars, had preſented her with a red petticoat, hooped round the edge with a gold lace; this was converted into a laced waiſtcoat for Sir Patrick: there was likewiſe enough to ſpare for three quarters of a pair of breeches, which an honeſt countryman, by clapping in a dozen pieces of cabbage behind, made into a complete pair.—Had Sir Patrick been an Engliſhman, or learn'd the filthy Engliſh trick, of taking up his coat-ſkirts, and roaſting his backſide againſt

againſt the fire, the breeches would not have been the thing; but a good coal fire was ſo great a rarity to him, there was no fear of his turning his tail to it.

As it was neceſſary for Sir Patrick to bring his courtſhip to a concluſion, before the breeches were worn out, his ſiſter not having another petticoat to make a ſecond pair, he took care to ſtick exceeding cloſe to Miſs Wryjaws, and, by a happy knack which he brought over with him, complimented her in the very words an Engliſhman would make uſe of to abuſe her if ſhe underſtood irony; for, if you ſpoke of any lady's fine eyes, he would ſay, "By Jaſus, my dear, Miſs "Wryjaws, they are no more to be "compared to yours, than an Eng-

" liſh turnip is to a fine Iriſh pota-
" toe." Now he ſhould have avoided touching her eyes, as much as her wry-chin, hump-back, or wide-mouth; for the eyes of a pig, not ſeven days old, were full moons, compared to our Venus's; and her pretty little ſparrow-mouth, only reached from ear to ear: her chin would have hit againſt her breaſt, had not the tip end of it taken a ſudden turn to the eaſt, and her back ſeemed as if it wanted to look over her head, to ſpy what was doing in front; yet did this blundering Teaguelander never commend any part about her, but one of theſe obvious imperfections. Now ſhe really had a fine hand and arm, and good teeth, and a very pretty foot; an Engliſhman, therefore, would have thought it ſufficient to dwell on thoſe

real

real beauties, which, as a woman of ſenſe, ſhe muſt know belonged to her, and he need not bluſh to repeat: —I ſay an Engliſhman would have done ſo, and have loſt her by it, becauſe he would only have told her what ſhe knew before; but Teague finding ſuch beauties in her eyes, lips, and ſhape, as her utmoſt vanity had never before ſuggeſted, and ſwearing ſo plump to it, ſhe readily gave him credit; and it made him ſo great a favourite, that I don't doubt but he is now in poſſeſſion of the lady, and, at leaſt, half a dozen pair of breeches into the bargain: and I hope he has had the gratitude to give his ſiſter a good reward, for ſparing her laced petticoat, at a time when it would have been very uſeful to have kept her own legs warm.

But, to return to my widow:

As they never played at quadrille till after tea, there was always an hour's edifying converſation before the hot ſuppings came, which either turned on what they had ſeen that day, or what they had done in their late huſband's time; and there was not one of them, but what had the flouriſh of a half-cry, whenever their poor dear departed ſpouſe was mentioned, which never hindered their joining in a hearty laugh, the very moment after.

Whilſt they were expatiating on the trouble each of them had gone through, occaſioned by their apprentices and journeymen, and how happy they were in getting quit of all ſuch

varmants

varmants. The widow Flanagrannellegan, who had no apprentices or journeymen to talk about, yet did not care to have her tongue lay ſtill, bawled out to Sir Patrick, who was on the other ſide of the room, cloſe to Miſs Wryjaws: "Brother!" ſays ſhe, "did you call on Mr. Ballarganag-"gy; and preſs him to ſet a time to "pay me the five hundred, that has "been ſo long due?"

"Arrah, by Jaſus, but I did call "on him, my dear ſiſter."

"And what did he ſay?"

"He ſaid he could ſay no more "than what he ſaid before."

"And do you remember, brother, what he ſaid before?

"By Jaſus do I, every ſyllable, for "he ſaid nothing at all."

Here

Here Mrs. Coppernoſe, impatient to ſet her own larum a-going, interrupted this edifying dialogue; for which I wiſhed her tongue was a piece of cheeſe, and a hungry Welſhman biting at it; becauſe I ſhould ſoon have learnt from Sir Patrick, what the man ſaid, when he ſaid nothing at all. But madam's tongue had begun, and there was no ſtopping it.

"Pray, ladies," ſays ſhe, "have "you been at the expedition in "Spring-gardens, or the royal kraca-"demmy in Pell-mell."

The general anſwer was, No, not yet.

"But I was this morning," rejoins Mrs. Coppernoſe, "and ſaw the fineſt "library of pictures I ever ſet my "eyes

" eyes on: there was ſcriptural ſto-
" ries, and ſtories out of poetry
" books; there was Lot and his two
" daughters, all as big as me: but
" what pleaſed me moſt was Dinah,
" and all her maids waſhing;—I
" wanted much to know who this
" Dinah was, becauſe I thought I heard
" a great lord, with a ſtar on his coat,
" ſay ſomething about her being a-
" kin to the man in the moon."

" Ma'am," ſays Mrs. Remnant, the taylor's relict, " I believe I can
" help to piece out this ſtory for
" you: luckily this Dinah was my
" waſher-woman; ſhe waſhed for us
" above four years, before I loſt as
" good a man as ever worked at a
" woman's jacket; for he was a wo-
" man's taylor as well as a man's.—

" I

" I remember, as to be ſure I ſhall never
" forget it while I lives in this world,
" it was the year he was made church-
" warden, and that very day he bought
" me this eggs-ſtone-ring*. " Nelly,"
" ſays he, " you are now wife to a man
" of conſequence, and I am reſolved
" you ſhall ſtand at the waſhing-tub
" no longer; and, as our fortnight's
" waſh was to be next day, he went
" and fetched this Dinah himſelf, and
" I gave her, I remember, three
" ſhirts of my huſband's, and two
" ſhifts of my own, for I was the re-
" markableſt neateſt woman in the
" neighbourhood, and ſeldom miſſed
" putting on a clean ſhift every Sun-
" day morning, unleſs it was a new
" one, and then it would laſt a fort-
" night; for new linen, you know,
" Ma'am,

* The author gueſſes Madam Remnant meant an onyx-ring.

" Ma'am, does not dirty ſo faſt as
" old; and I aſſure you Dinah gave
" great content, for ſhe brought
" them home as well done, as if I
" waſhed them myſelf, and no wo-
" man in the pariſh had a better hand
" at a lather than I had, though I ſay
" it myſelf.—Now this Dinah's huſ-
" band kept the ſign of the Moon, a
" pot-houſe, at the corner of Clerk-
" enwell-green, and that made the
" gentleman talk of the moon; but,
" to my knowledge, ſhe never had
" more than one maid at a time; ſo I
" can't think how ſo many maids got
" into the picture, or how the limner
" came to draw her at all; for, al-
" though ſhe was reckoned a very
" comely woman, yet all our jour-
" neymen uſed to ſay, ſhe was not to
" be compared to Madam Remnant,
" not even on a Sunday, when I

" have

" have often ſeen her at White Con-
" duit-houſe, with a very good ſilk
" gown on, and, to give her her due,
" ſhe looked exceeding well, but
" that did not hinder other folks from
" looking better."

CHAP. XIX.

Edifying converſation continued.

" MA'AM," ſays Mrs. Copper-noſe, bridling up her dou-ble chin, which ſhone as if the day be-fore it had been new burniſhed, " you
" miſtake me quite Ma'am; this
" Dinah was no body's waſher-wo-
" man, but a gentlewoman: ſhe and
" her maids were waſhing in ſome of
" your noted waſhing-places, ſuch as

" Peerleſs-

" Peerleſs-Pool, or the Dog and " Duck, and a poor young man, that " either belonged to Ackton pariſh, " or his name was Ackton, came that " way a-hunting, and by chance " eſpied them all in *puribus talibus* (as " the men call it), which is, I believe, " as ſtark naked as they were born, " which vexed this Dinah ſo, that ſhe " threw a handful of water in his " face, and turned him into a hare, " and then ſet his own dogs after him " to eat him up."

" May I never drink another glaſs " of neat port, if I don't think he " paid exceſſive dear, for only peep- " ing," ſays Mrs. Shortpint.——"

" The devil burn me," ſays Sir Patrick, " if I don't belave they " made him pay ſo dear, becaſe he

" did nothing, but peep with his " eyes."

" He could not peep with any " thing elſe," ſays Mrs. Shortpint, " unleſs the man had eyes in his fin- " ger ends."

" Aye, and by Jaſus," ſays Sir Patrick, " one of my country- " men would have been after peeping " with his finger-ends too; but this " was ſome poor ſhame-fac'd Engliſh- " man, that never thinks he is aquaint- " ed with a woman, unleſs he has ſeen " her before."

" Indeed," ſays Miſs Wryjaws, " the poor man paid very ſeverely for " peeping; but who can wonder at " it, becauſe this Dinah muſt have " been an old witch; and witches have

three

"three paps, one to ſuckle the devil
"with; it was, therefore, no won-
"der ſhe was angry that this young
"man had ſeen her naked."

"Ladies," ſays Mrs Flambeau,
"I find I muſt be forced to explain
"this ſtory to you:—when I was a
"young wife, we luckily let our firſt
"floor to a clergyman, and he uſed
"to take great pains with me: for
"my huſband, poor dear man, had
"too much buſineſs on his hands, to
"mind his wife's concerns much;
"but this good young man ſtuck ve-
"ry cloſe to me, and uſed to read to
"me, and ſhew me any thing he
"thought would pleaſe me.—I re-
"member he read that very ſtory, as
"how that Dinah was a heathen god;
"and, when ſhe was in the ſky, ſhe
"was a moon, or a half moon, juſt as

" the fancy took her; and when she was
" in the country, she was a pretty
" woman: now as she and her nimps
" were dabling themselves in the wa-
" ter, this poor Acton, for Acton was
" his name, though he was not of
" Acton parish, did unluckily come
" by, and, seeing her naked, put her
" in such a passion, that she turned
" him, as I remember, into a buck,
" and set horns upon his head; and
" that is the short and the long of the
" story."

" Ma'am," says Mrs. Shortpint,
" how could she set horns upon his
" head, unless she had married him
" first; and then, indeed, the matter
" is not difficult."

" No more it is," says Sir Patrick,
" for I have known several young
cratures

" cratures do that, before they knew
" how to count one pound two and
" nine pence change for a guinea."

" For my part," ſays Madam Vallon, " be this Mrs. Dinah a God or
" a devil, I ſay it, and will ſay it
" again, it was a barbarous trick; thof
" I hope it was only a poetry made ſto-
" ry, but, if it is true, it muſt have
" been before Chriſtianity came in
" faſhion: no good Chriſtian, I am
" ſure, could be angry with a poor
" young man, for only peeping at
" what he could neither mend nor
" mar; and I don't hear that the poor
" thing did any thing but peep; be-
" ſides, if you come to that, what
" buſineſs had they to be ſtark naked;
" they muſt have been nothing but
" dirty cinder-wenches, inſtead of

" gods, to want ſcrubbing from head
" to foot; but they were all heathens,
" and ſo no better could be expected
" from them: they had not learnt
" the great Chriſtian virtue of forget
" and forgive; a true Chriſtian ought
" to forgive a young man, if he had
" raviſhed her; provided he could
" prove he had no malice before
" hand.—But this is a cruel ſubject,
" and ſo pray, Ma'am, let us hear
" what you ſaw beſides."

" Ma'am," ſays Mrs. Coppernoſe,
" I ſaw a pordigious croud of pic-
" tures; but none pleaſed me ſo
" much as Sampſon and Doll Lal-
" ley: I never ſaw a man with ſuch a
" back in my life; the ſtory, they
" ſay, is ſome where in the Bible;
" but I never had time to get into the
" ſtory-telling parts of that good
book:

" book; I uſed to read a little in the " godly part, where Abraham begot " Iſaac, and Iſaac begot Jacob, and " ſo on, which, to be ſure, is very " Chriſtian-like buſineſs, and anſwer- " ing the end of our creation. How " can good Chriſtians employ their " time better, than in filling the " world full of good Chriſtians?"

" But Abraham, Iſaac, and Jacob," ſays Mrs. Shortpint, " were no Chriſ- " tians; they were Jews, Ma'am."

" Jews! I love you dearly for that," ſays Mrs. Coppernoſe. " Pray did " you ever read, that Abraham, Iſaac, " or Jacob, ever ſold a black-lead " pencil, or a roll of hard pomatum, " or a pair of ſleeve buttons in their " lives: then, pray, how could they " be Jews. But about this huſſey,

" this Doll Lalley, altho'ſ ſhe had
" the ſtrongeſt man in the world all
" to herſelf, yet I heard a gentleman
" ſay the whore (God forgive me for
" calling names, becauſe it has been
" many an honeſt woman's misfor-
" tune) could not help betraying
" him, (as our whores do their rogues
" now-a-days to Juſtice F———,)
" but Fortune, who was his friend,
" the gentleman ſaid, for all he
" kept this whore, lent him ſo much
" ſtrength, that he pulled an old
" houſe over his enemies heads, and
" killed 'em all; and I hope that de-
" ceitful jade, that Dolley Lalley,
" was in the thick of them."

" By Jaſus," ſays Sir Patrick, "I
" wiſh I underſtood Latin, that I
" might read ſome of the merry ſto-
" ries in that ſame Bible."

" Latin!"

"Latin!" ſays Miſs Wryjaws:—
"Dear Sir Patrick, all our Bibles are
"in Engliſh."

"And, my dear Miſs Wryjaws," ſays Sir Patrick, "we have Engliſh Bibles "enough in Ireland; but our prieſts "my couſin Phelim O'Lackſhame ſays, "that the Engliſh Bibles were made "for heretics, to ride to the devil "upon; now in my couſin O'Lack-"ſhame's Latin Bible, I don't believe "there is a ſingle whore." "Yes," ſays Mrs. Shortpint, "but there is; "for the wiſeſt king in the world, "king Solomon, was ſo led aſtray "by them, that he was in danger of "loſing his precious ſoul."

"Arrah," ſays Sir Patrick, "and "I remember twenty of my own "countrymen, that loſt their bodies "by them; for they all ſaid, in their laſt "dying ſpeeches they made after they

" were hang'd, that whores brought
" them to the gallows."

" You are right," ſays Mrs. Short-pint, (who was a ſort of a wag,) " and I have heard ſeveral of our cuſ-" tomers ſay, that in all ages, good " men, as well as bad, have been led " aſtray by harlots: but now, that " we are upon this ſubject," adds ſhe, (turning to Mrs. Flambeau,) " pray, " what is become of your niece, " Ma'am; ſhe was a very great read-" er, and could have explained all " theſe matters to us; for, they ſay, " ſhe has read all ſorts and ſizes of " books."

" The girl was well enough, Ma'am, " for that matter," ſays Mrs. Flam-beau: " but, for all her reading, ſhe " knew very little of the * Burn Tom."

Burn

* We ſuppoſe Mrs. Shortpint meant *bon ton*,

"Burn Tom," ſays Sir Patrick, "pray, Mrs. Flambeau, what coun-"tryman was that Mr. Burn Tom?"

"Sir," ſays Mrs. Flambeau, "it is "only a quality word for faſhionable "things; ſuch as Crumwell's gar-"dens, White Cundit-houſe, Rene-"low, and Foxhall; but, as I was "ſaying, Ma'am, the girl knows ſo "little of high life, that I was back-"ward in ſeducing her into good "company.—What, indeed, diſcom-"frouzled her ſo much, as to make "her leave me ſo parcipatate, I can-"not reprehend:—at my houſe ſhe "had always free egrits and regrits, "and ſhe devartized herſelf, without "any inrolment from me, and had "her victalls free gracious for no-"thing; but too much fermelality "breeds conſtrife"——Here ſhe was interrupted

interrupted by Miſs Wryjaws, who, in a diſmal tone, roared out, "O my "dog! my dear dog! what is become "of my dog!"

"By Jaſus, my dear Miſs Wry-"jaws," ſays Sir Patrick, "if he is "not here, he muſt be gone ſome-"where elſe."

Mrs. Remnant ſaid, "She believ-"ed he was gone into the ſtreet."

"O, by Jaſus!" ſays Sir Patrick, "make yourſelf aeſy, my dear ſhole, "for I will be after looking for him; "and, if I can but find him, I ſhall "ſee him, you may depend on't."

Away went Sir Patrick, and, in about half an hour, returned in ſuch a ſweat, that he ſmok'd like a roaſted potatoe juſt cut open.

"What news, dear Sir Patrick?" ſays Miſs Wryjaws.

"By Jaſus, my dear Madam, I "have been after looking for your "dog all this time, but could never "ſet eyes on him, till he was quite "out of ſight."

"But have you ſeen any thing of "him ſince?"

"By Jaſus have I, my dear Miſs."

"What have you ſeen, dear Sir "Patrick?"

"What I am very ſorry to tell you, "Miſs Wryjaws, becauſe you love "the dog; but I plainly ſee, that he "is run away."

At that inſtant the maid came in, and ſaid, ſhe ſaw a man run after the dog, and take him up, and put him into a cart.

"O

"O heavens!" ſays Miſs Wry-jaws, "what ſhall I do for my ſer-"vant to run after the cart?"

"I will run after him my own "dear ſelf," ſays Sir Patrick; "I "ſhall ſoon overtake him; for I can "walk as faſt as two carts."

It luckily happened, that Mrs. Coppernoſe's footman juſt then came in, and he was ordered to run after the cart: he overtook it, as ſoon as Sir Patrick would two carts, and brought word back, that the maid did not know a pig from a dog.

"In what country can this maid "be born, where their pigs are ſo "like their dogs," ſays Sir Patrick. "By Jaſus I never ſaw a pig in my "life, but I knew it was not a dog,

"and

" and I never ſaw a dog in my life,
" but I knew it was not a pig.—
" Pray, what countryman can this
" maid be?"

Mrs. Coppernoſe ſaid, ſhe would ring for Mr. Thomas, to explain the matter; but, he having lived before with a lady of high quality, had always been uſed to deliver his anſwer in few words, as a hint to people of faſhion was ſufficient; and indeed, ſhe commonly underſtood him at once, but ſhe owned ſhe was a a little diſembarraſſed now.

Mr. Thomas's explanation was, that a roaſting pig, of which there were half a dozen in the cart, had given the carter the ſlip, and he had caught his pig again cloſe by the door, which the maid miſtook for a dog.

On

On this Miſs Wryjaws dropped down like a lump of lead; but ſhe had ſo much regard for her rump, as to take care to have the ſettee ready to receive her; and, though ſhe could neither look paler, nor grin worſe than ſhe naturally did when ſhe laughed, to make them believe ſhe was going into a fit; yet ſhe trembled ſo, that it ſerved our Hibernian for a good excuſe to claſp her mighty cloſe, which he ſeemed to do very cordially; and, for fear he ſhould give over too ſoon, the more he claſped, the more ſhe trembled; in ſhort, he claſped her ſo warmly, that ſhe took a reſolution at that critical moment, to comfort herſelf for the loſs of her Dutch pug, by taking this Iriſh hound; and I have reaſon to believe, the marriage was conſum-

conſummated the very next morning.

CHAP. XX.

Queer medleys, as well as queer folks, in London.

MRS. Copperſides paid me the next day to her apothecary; not the little brandiſher of clyſter-pipes, but a comely jolly man, with a face as round as the full moon: he was a member of the Meeting for the Encouragement of A— and S——, to which Meeting he carried me that very evening.

The moment we entered the room, a ſtrange figure aroſe ſlowly from his ſeat; at firſt I thought we were come to ſee the outlandiſh giant; and that,

as

as all the giants do, he would keep rising till his head was very near the ceiling; but, on looking up to the top of the room, I retracted that thought; especially when I perceived he stopped after he had advanced his crown about six foot two inches; I then waited with patience, as I always do, when I can't help it, to find out by degrees what this strange mixture were about, and was soon informed it was a Meeting of A—— and S—— members; and on cool deliberation, the meeting itself was the finest dissertation on arts and sciences that the imagination of man could exhibit; for it explained to a thinking creature, at first glance, how many arts and sciences Providence must have at command, to form such a group.

But to the moving figure:

As he had gotten, inſtead of the curl-leſs tye-wig I ſaw him in before, a major with two curls at leaſt on it; and, inſtead of the ruſty black coat, a thread-bare blue one, with gold button-holes, I did not haſtily recollect my old friend, the knight of the woeful countenance; but, by the motion of the corner of his coat-lap towards his noſe, I quickly found him out: I mention towards his noſe, becauſe he recollected himſelf, that there was a great deal of good company, ſo ſtopped half way, and dexterouſly made the back of the other hand ſupply the place of his woollen handkerchief. He put me in mind of old Chalcas in Homer; I would give you the paſſage, as tranſlated by

Pope, but his language is too ſublime for the ſubject; you ſhall have it, therefore, from the doggrel tranſlation, where the author has the aſſurance to ſay, he is nigher Homer's original deſign, than any tranſlator whatever; and it may be ſo, for ought I know, or care either, for I ſhall make uſe of him, or Pope, or any other writer, juſt as they ſuit my purpoſe, and ſerve them, as they did their predeceſſors;—ſteal any thing that's worth ſtealing, and diſguiſe it as well as I can:—

But, to my quotation.

"When Chalcas 'roſe; a fine old
"Greek,
"And, in his place, began to ſpeak,
"But look'd about him with great cau-
"tion,
"Like *****, when he makes a mo-
"tion;

"As

" As ſlow as clockwork, he aroſe,
" Then, with his fingers, wip'd his
" noſe,
" And rubb'd them dry upon his
" cloaths."

To ſhew, that men were the ſame ſort of men four thouſand years ago that they are now, this very apparatus did the knight exhibit, before he began to ſpeak, without, I believe, knowing, there ever might have been two ſuch fellows in the world, as Homer and Chalcas.

Before he had harrangued five minutes, I found the intent of that meeting was, to decide which picture merited the firſt reward, &c. &c. The knight had gotten a great number of hard words, I fancy, out of the Painters Dictionary, which I underſtood

no more than he himſelf, and two or three honeſt men cloſe behind me did; but my attention to the knight's ſpeech was quite taken off by their remarks. Obſerving that the knight, after beſtowing his hard words (technical terms I think they call'd them) ſparingly, on ſeveral of the pictures, clapt them all at the end of the ſentence on one, which was the burthen of the ſong; "The drawer of that piece," ſays an old gentleman in a ſcarlet cloak, and a milk-white wig, with ten thouſand curls in it, "is to gif "Sir Timoty fife and twenty *par* "*cent.* out of de premium, if he "getas it; but I vill tak-a my ſacra-"ment, it is the vorſt piece in de "collection." Sir Timothy was ſtill going on, and was juſt then ſaying, "That the fine keeping of that piece

" alone, deſerved ten ſuch premi-
" ums." " Nay, as for that matter,"
ſays a ſquab fellow, that look'd like
a haberdaſher of ſmall wares, " if fine
" keeping deſerves the permium, that
" there piece cloſe to this here pil-
" low, to my knowledge, has been
" better kept than any picture
" amongſt 'em, for it never has been
" out of the caſe ſince it was fram'd;
" therefore, I ſhall give my vote for
" it."—Preſently, the knight menti-
oned the amazing ſoftneſs of a parti-
cular figure in his favourite piece:—
" That, knight," ſays a linen draper,
on the left hand of me, " is nothing
" but lies.—I ſold that piece of can-
" vas myſelf, and a harſher, harder
" piece I never handled; there is not a
" ſoft place in it as big as the end of my
" thumb; therefore, that figure, he is

" telling ſuch lies about, is as hard
" as any of the reſt.—I could like to
" reach up to it to feel it, not but I
" wiſh the poor man ſucceſs with all
" my heart, becauſe he is in a ſtrange
" country, and the money will be of
" great ſervice to him; but the knight
" tells ſuch confounded lies, that he'll
" do him more harm than good, if he
" don't mind." As he finiſhed this ſpeech, the knight was deſiring the company, to obſerve the uncommon expreſſion in one of the other figures. On this the linen-draper grew angry in good earneſt, " See there, now," ſays he, to his neighbour, " Did not
" I tell you he would clench it? did
" you ever hear any thing like it? he
" tells you one of the figures either
" has been ſpeaking, or can ſpeak."
" What ſignifies that," ſays the other;

other:—"Nobody minds what he "ſpeaks: a man that would ſpeak "with any weight, ſhould firſt pay "his debts.—Few people mind what "a poor dog ſays now-a-days; but, for "my part, was king George to ſpeak, "(and he can't be in debt, you are "ſure,) I know which I ſhould give "my vote for; ſo let them talk till "they are tired. When Sir Timothy "has done, Doctor Drybones will "get up; and when he hath done, "Sir Timothy will get up again: "but it ſignifies nothing; an Eng-"liſhman has liberty to uſe his own "eyes, and any body can tell which "is a fine piece, and which is not, "if he is not blind." "True," ſays a third gentleman (who, by his full trimm'd ſuit, and no ſword, I gueſſed was a noted taylor,) "my Lord "Doubletaſte recommended this here,

" as a fine piece, though there is not
" a figure in it has a good coat on its
" back. I own, I could not help
" wondering at it, becauſe my Lord
" is ſo good a judge in dreſs. Now
" this picture over againſt us, you
" may really call a fine piece, becauſe
" every figure is as well dreſs'd, and as
" much in the mode, as if the paint-
" er had ſerved his time to one of our
" trade: It is indeed a fine piece, and
" I ſhall not only give it my vote, but
" all my intereſt; and there are ſeveral
" gentlemen here, who won't think
" proper to refuſe ſo ſmall a favour
" as their votes to me, becauſe they
" are pretty deep in my books."

By all that's ridiculous under the ſun, ſays I to myſelf, what a chance do theſe poor devils of real artiſts ſtand,

ſtand, to be judged by ſuch judges as theſe; what between Sir Timothy's haſty-pudding of words, glean'd from diſſertations on painting, and applied with as much propriety as a piece of broken glaſs to a broken ſhin; and what with every tradeſman meaſuring their works by his own yard; every nobleman, for want of judgment of his own, taking the no-judgment of his flatterer, or pimp; and every gentleman judging, according to the beſt of his judgment, in an article wherein ninety-nine out of a hundred have no judgment at all; what chance, I ſay, doth a poor devil of an artiſt ſtand! I ſhould, therefore, recommend to the gentleman of the bruſh and pencil, after their friends have made as many unintelligible ſpeeches like Sir Timothy's as they think

think proper, to desire to cast lots for it, as the dice may possibly hit right, but, by the method adopted, it is impossible.

Whilst I was pondering what a chance real merit stood, when surrounded with such incomparable judges, and wondering why the painter of the Red Lyon at Brentford, and the finisher of the Green Dragon at Dunstable, had not put in their claim, (as to me, this affair seemed like a lawsuit, where it is only heads or tails, whether the best or worst gets it) I was in an instant surprised with an amazing noise, and looking about me, found it was a general uproar, two thirds of the company began to speak at once, and exhibited a better mental picture of the confusion of langua-

ges at Babel, than any of their artists could put on canvas, or even frame an idea of: my honeſt round-fac'd apothecary, whoſe utmoſt ſcope of all the languages in the world, conſiſted in dog Latin enough to read a preſcription; and the few Engliſh words he uſed when he viſited his patients; ſuch as, Well, how do you this morning? let the anſwer be, better, Sir; or, worſe, Sir; his reply was, Eh! He next proceeded, Give me your hand: this, no doubt, my clear-ſighted reader will underſtand was to feel the patient's pulſe; that operation being performed (with as much gravity as a round unmeaning face would admit,) finiſhed as uſual, with, Eh! then he proceeded, How do you feel your head? Moderate, ſays the patient; Eh! replies Bolus then again; Put out your tongue:

tongue: this he ſurveyed with a face of more meaning, if poſſible, than he felt the pulſe with, and then pumped up the aſpiration, Eh! out of rather a deeper cell in his ſtomach than the firſt two or three came from.

CHAP. XXI.

Bolus in continuation.

MR. Bolus——(you muſt excuſe me; reader, I cannot conſent to call a phyſical man, with ſo large a wig as our apothecary's, plain Miſter any longer, it flattens my ſtory; I, therefore, will call him doctor: if he has not the learning of a doctor, he ſmells more of phyſic than the beſt of them; and I have often known the very ſmell of phyſic

phyſic do more good, than the recipes of all the M. D.'s and L. M.'s put together, though never half ſo much miſchief.

—But, to return:

After the far-fetch'd aſpiration, which always attends a reconnoitrement of the tongue, the doctor then ſays, Breathe hard: this operation is likewiſe attended with another aſpiration from the ſame, or a neighbouring cell; then he cloſes the whole examination with, Do you feel any pain now? If the anſwer is Yes, he items down in his mind a bottle of chalk and water, tinctured red: if, No, then it is only the ſame, tinctured brown, with beef-tea, barley-water, &c. &c. as before, and away he goes. I believe I attended the doctor about twenty

twenty viſits in one day, where no phyſician preſcribed, and he did not vary the three hundredth part of a ſyllable.

I only mention theſe particulars, that my reader may form an idea, how well this confuſion of Babel could agree with a man of ſo few words as the doctor made uſe of, in a whole day's work; no wonder, therefore, that he took himſelf away, and I was obliged to follow, I mean precede him; for, being in his waiſtcoat pocket, had I followed, you all can plainly ſee, without my telling, he muſt have walked away a—— foremoſt.

CHAP.

CHAP. XXII.

Contains nothing extraordinary.

THE doctor, in his road home from this notable meeting, recollected he had a patient that had been ill about a fortnight before; therefore, he might as well call with an, How do you, to take the chance of a relapſe.—Relapſes are a great articles in an apothecary's books.—He found his quondam patient very well, which, he ſaid, he was mighy glad to ſee: I believed him; though I don't think his patient did (who proved to be the gentleman with the long noſe and ſmall eyes, that I had ſeen before at a coffee-houſe.) He gave the doctor ſuch

ſuch a ſly ſignificant look, on his ſaying, he was glad to find him well, that I could not help thinking, he doubted his ſincerity; but, be that as it may, he inſiſted on the doctor's ſtaying to ſmoke one pipe with him: Bolus (who had nothing to do before he went to bed, but to ſee if his bottles of chalk-water and lemon-juice mixt, were all booked with the proper hard names to them,) conſented to ſtay an hour;—I had like to have ſaid, chat an hour, but that, I believe, he never did in his life; take from him his ſtring of queſtions to his patients, and his converſation conſiſted (like the primitive Chriſtians) in, Yea, yea, and, Nay, nay; but he handled a pipe well, and ſucked in the ſmoke, and puffed it out again, with as conſequential a face

as

as any chairman at a quarter ſeſſions could put on for the life of him. Mr. Small-eyes took great pains to draw the doctor into a converſation, but he always anſwered, "There are excep-"tions to all general rules." "You "are right, doctor," ſays Small-eyes, "and a particular inſtance of it is juſt "now come into my head, viz. the ge-"neral opinion of fat animals being "ſuperior to lean: whoever was hardy "enough to deny, that a fat gooſe "doth not much exceed a lean one?" "Nobody," ſays the doctor, biting two inches from the end of his pipe, for haſte to get his words out—"or a "fat pig's, or a fat calf's head?" "Nobody, nobody," ſays the doctor; "And yet," adds Small-eyes, "with "what contempt do all mankind look "on a fat-headed fellow."

Whether this ſide-wipe graz'd too near the doctor's left cheek, or what was the matter, I can't ſay, but, from that inſtant, he did not ſpeak another word, but kept ſucking, puffing, and ſpitting all the time he ſtaid, with as much vehemence, as if he was qualifying himſelf to be fellow of a college.

Small-eyes ſeemed to take no manner of notice of it, but went on: "I "was one day," adds he, "menti-"oning this thing to my old friend "Triſtram Shandy, into whoſe brain "as many unaccountable things "pop'd, as ever did into the ſcull of "any man living: we had, a little "before that, been diſcuſſing the po-"litical management of the rulers of "the land, and wiſhing they would "ſerve a regular apprenticeſhip to "their

" their trade, before they ſet up for
" themſelves, which would prevent
" them from being look'd on with
" ſuch a contemptible eye, by their
" brother-tradeſman in politics, ſent
" from the different courts of Eu-
" rope, to deal with them in that
" branch of buſineſs. Triſtram, in-
" ſtead of giving me any direct an-
" ſwer, fell into a deep reverie."

After wrinkling his forehead, for near ten minutes (all which time it looked exactly like the butt-end of a pair of old bellows) and, ſtroking down his lanthorn-jaws, the ſkin of which rattled betwixt his finger and thumb, like a piece of ſhrivelled parchment, he began the next chapter.

CHAP. XXIII.

A ſhort chapter.

"I HAVE obſerved," ſays Triſtram (ſtill preſerving his lucubrationic attitude,) "and it is an obſervation you muſt have made, if you are capable of making any obſervations at all, that although the fleſh of a fat calf's head eats a thouſand degrees better than the fleſh of a lean one, yet the brains of the lean animal have by far the higheſt flavour, becauſe the fat of the well fed brute, mixing with the brains, gives them ſuch an inſipid ſmoothneſs, that, to a diſcerning pallet, they are even diſguſting.

" ing. This, my friend," ſays he,
" partly accounts for your excep-
" tion; for if fat renders brains ſo
" inſipid to the taſte, it muſt render
" the productions of thoſe brains as
" inſipid to the other ſenſes; for
" which reaſon, if I was a king, I
" ſhould be very cautious how I
" meddled with fat brains at any
" rate; for nothing is ſo likely to
" bring both himſelf, and every bo-
" dy concerned with him, into
" ſcrapes, as a fat-headed fellow: Ju-
" lius Cæſar lik'd ſuch mortals, be-
" cauſe he knew that the oily parts
" of the fat, which always ſwim on
" the top of the brains, would keep
" thought from aſcending to the ſur-
" face; he hated your lean brain'd
" fellows for the ſame reaſon, be-
" cauſe he knew they would think,

" and, of conſequence, think he was
" a ſad dog, with a bad title.

" I like not that ſpare Caſſius.

" Now a man with half an eye, un-
" leſs that half eye has been under the
" hands of an advertiſing oculiſt, may
" eaſily ſee wondrous meaning in
" thoſe ſix words.

" But my Cæſar," ſays Triſtram,
" who is one of the beſt of kings, as
" well as one of the beſt of men, has
" no occaſion to fear that the devil
" himſelf, in the ſhape of either a fat
" or lean brain'd fellow, can think
" any ill of him: he may, therefore,
" without ſcruple, employ the heads
" that are moſt capable of ſerving
" him; for, if all mankind are rogues,
" as a charitable divine once hinted in
" a ſermon he had reaſon to fear they

" naturally

" naturally were, a ſenſible rogue
" ought ſurely to have the prefe-
" rence; he will do ſervice to his
" maſter, becauſe his ſenſe dic-
" tates to him, it is the only way of
" doing ſolid good to himſelf; but
" a fellow that is fool, as well as
" knave, will ſell his king and coun-
" try, without being able to foreſee,
" that he himſelf will be looked up-
" on by the purchaſer, as one of the
" moſt contemptible articles in the
" whole purchaſe, and be uſed ac-
" cordingly."

" Pray, Mr. Shandy," ſays I, " how
" came calves heads and courtiers heads
" to club their brains ſo lovingly toge-
" ther in your pericranium?"

" Becauſe, ſays he," careleſly, " of
" late I have gotten a trick, of never
" thinking of one without the other."

The

The moment Small-eyes had finiſhed this ſtory, the doctor knocked the aſhes out of his pipe into his three-ſquare ſpitting-box, took his hat and cane, and walked out, with as wiſe a face as he went in.

What conſtruction this vender of harmleſs no-drugs put upon the ſtory of fat and lean brains, I never could learn; I am, therefore, as much in the dark as to that point, as any of my readers: I did not, indeed, ſtay with him long; but, if I had kept him company ſeven years, I am convinced I never ſhould have had my curioſity ſatisfied.

Did not you, ſays a mild-ſpoken gentleman, with one ſtiff-top'd glove on, and the other hanging between his fingers, tell us you had been

been in the hands of the three managers of the three playhouſes; but you would digeſt their anecdotes well, before you gave 'em to the public, which would be in your third and fourth volumes? yet you are come to a concluſion, without a word about them: —How can you reconcile your breach of promiſe to the honour of an author?

Becauſe you aſk ſo much like a gentleman, my dear Sir, I'll condeſcend to tell you.

To the honour of an author, I cannot well anſwer it; but to the honour of a great man, I can; and, at preſent, I am a great man, and claim the privilege of breaking my promiſe, or keeping it, juſt as I pleaſe.—Are you anſwered, Sir?

But,

But, becauſe you are a very civil gentleman, I'll explain the whole matter to you.

That the anecdotes of theſe gentlemen might be well digeſted, I unadviſedly ſwallowed them, without thinking they would prove ſuch a hard morſel to digeſt, as they actually do; for in my guts have they been rumbling ever ſince; and, although every ten days at leaſt, by the grumbling of my bowels, I expect they are coming forth, yet the duce a ſingle hint has ſtirred: I muſt be forced to phyſic 'em out at laſt.

You had better, my dear Sir, replies the ſmooth-ſpoken gentleman, let them ſtay where they are, than produce them to the public, after ſuch a kind of digeſtion; becauſe, although perhaps, they won't ſmell of the lamp,

yet,

yet, in ſpite of all the perfumes you can throw upon them, they muſt ſmell confounded rank.

Sir, ſays I, you don't ſeem to underſtand, that the actions of ſome men can never ſmell rank, let them be conveyed to the noſe through ever ſo foul a channel; whilſt the actions of others can never be ſweetened by all the perfumes of Arabia.

A good heart, my friend, like a certain drug which conveys the ſweetneſs of the violet even into urine, gives ſuch a flavour to the moſt unguarded action of the poſſeſſor's life, that even the diſtant ſmell of rank roguery, which I know is what you mean by the word *rank*, cannot be nos'd out by the moſt envious ſnout that ever was ſet on human face; that one ſuch

man is to be found amongſt them, I am convinced, and more, I hope; for which reaſon you ſhall, in my fifth and ſixth volumes, have every occurrence that happened to each of thoſe gentlemen, whilſt I was in their poſſeſſion.—I promiſe you this, on the honour of a great man, (which I am at at preſent,) or, if that won't ſatisfy you, on the word of a poor author, which I probably may be, before I begin the taſk.

Sir, replies the ſmooth-tongued gentleman, I am glad you mention'd your being a great man, becauſe that accounts for the dullneſs and incorrectneſs of theſe two volumes.

Pox take your ſmooth tongue, ſays I, why could not you let my readers find that out for themſelves?

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.